

From the Edinburgh Review.

Das Leben des Ministers Freiherrn von Stein. By G. H. Pertz. Berlin. 6 vols. 8vo. 1849-1855.

It is to be feared that few English readers will master a *Life of Baron Stein*, extending over six closely printed octavo volumes; but those who have leisure for the task will find that Mr. Pertz is not only a biographer, but a valuable contributor to modern history. The most important part of his work relates to the final coalition against Napoleon, and to the subsequent transactions of the Congress of Vienna: but the whole of Stein's public career is interesting in itself, and it is recorded by the learned editor of the "*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*" with conscientious and characteristic fidelity. The narration connects the existing political condition of Europe with a state of society which has almost wholly passed away. The high-born baron of the Holy Roman Empire, the active member of the administrative hierarchy established by Frederick the Great, took a prominent part in the overthrow of Napoleon, and in the political arrangements which still regulate the relations of the European Powers. The history derives unity and interest from Stein's marked and commanding individuality. No German statesman of recent times has been regarded with so universal a feeling of deference and respect. Correspondents of his own rank appear habitually to have addressed him as a superior. Royal personages received him almost as an equal, and often submitted in silence to his rebukes.

Hot-tempered, impetuous in language and in action, he gave frequent and just offence to all with whom he was brought in contact: but the genuine greatness of his nature is shown by the love and esteem which he commanded notwithstanding his defects. It is not surprising that women of superior understanding and cultivation should have been peculiarly attracted to his society. Men are less indulgent or more susceptible; and it is evident that the rough and domineering manner, which accompanied Stein's vigorous character, offered many impediments to his success in the ordinary intercourse of business. But,

if he made enemies unnecessarily, he had many persevering friends, who returned to him again and again, even when they had been repelled by his harshness or injustice. Time softened to a great degree his asperities of temper, while it relieved them by a humorous consciousness of eccentricity. In his later years the aged statesman became comparatively courteous and amiable. That some of his early warmth remained under the ashes may be inferred from a conversation with Niebuhr at Rome. Stein had thought proper to remonstrate with his friend for absenting himself from the administration of the sacrament, and also for suggesting as an excuse some feeling of animosity, probably against his official superior Prince Hardenberg: "*Herr Geheimrath*," he said, "you know we must forgive our enemies."—"Why," urged Niebuhr, "your Excellence hates Count A."—"Hate him!" replied his Excellence. "No—but if I met him in the street, I would spit in his face."

Henry Frederick Charles, Baron Stein of Stein (*von und zum Stein*), was born in 1757, at his father's castle of Stein, in Nassau. The youngest of four brothers, he was selected by the partiality of his mother as representative of his wealthy and ancient house. The family compact by which this singular and unjust arrangement was carried out, provided that the chosen heir alone should marry, while the daughters were only to ally themselves with families as noble as their own. Two of them had the good fortune to comply with the condition: the third, Baroness Marianne, became Canoness and eventually Abbess of the Protestant Cloister of Wallerstein, in Homburg. The Barons of Stein held a high rank among the immediate nobility of the Rhine. Their principal estate of Nassau had passed from father to son for nearly 700 years. The Minister was the last of his race. "In him," says his biographer, "the ancient stem attained its perfection and its close." M. Pertz seems to forget that three vigorous buds had been pruned away to make room for the consummate flower.

Stein's position as a reigning baron, holding *in capite* of the German Crown, exercised a

strong influence on his political opinions. The immediate nobility, in common with the free cities and with the ecclesiastical princes, had for ages opposed the attempts of the great feudatories to complete the disruption of the Empire. The allegiance of a Baron Stein was naturally given neither to Nassau nor to Prussia, but to Germany. No statesman advocated so earnestly at Vienna the restoration of the old German kingdom, even though the imperial sceptre must have been entrusted to the unworthy hands of Francis of Austria. The name of Stein suited well the solid and angular character of its owner. In after years the laborious fancy of literary patriots delighted to work out the coincidence in detail. In many a lumbering verse they celebrated the *Ur-Stein* of primeval granite, the *Grund-Stein* on which the fabric of freedom was to be built, the *Edel-Stein* the brightest jewel in the crown, and the *Eck-Stein* at the head of the corner.

Even Mr. Pertz's industry has failed to discover materials for the history of Stein's earlier days. At the University of Göttingen he appears to have devoted himself to the study of history and politics, especially in the works of English authors. Through life he professed himself a disciple of Adam Smith, though in practical conclusions he often violated the principles of his master. Almost alone among his contemporaries, he preserved to the last the religious faith of his childhood. The concentration of his vigorous intellect on subjects of more immediate interest seems to have neutralized the attraction of those philosophical speculations which had already begun to agitate the German universities. His personal conduct was, according to his own testimony, unusually strict and regular. Many years afterwards, the Duke of Saxe Weimar, observing Stein's disapproval of the freedom with which he had spoken on certain moral questions, attacked him individually: "Come, Herr Minister, you know very well, you were no better than the rest of us, when you were young."—"In the first place," Stein replied, "that is not true. If it was, it would be no business of your highness; and I think it highly unbecoming in a German Prince to talk so laxly in the presence of a set of young officers."

By the custom of the eighteenth century, which is still far from obsolete, a German chose his country as he selected his profession.

Stein's father occupied a post at the Electoral Court of Mayence. The eldest of his disinherited sons, a knight of the German or Teutonic Order, became a soldier and diplomatist in the service of Prussia. The second, also a knight of the Order, won distinction in the Austrian army. The third, after holding a French commission, fell into poverty and disgrace. Charles von Stein had been destined by his family for the position of an Aulic Councillor at Vienna; but admiration for Frederick the Great, and a family connection with the Minister Von Heinitz, determined his choice in favor of the Prussian civil service. In 1780, at the early age of twenty-three, he was appointed a Referendary in the Department of Mines and Foundries, over which Heinitz at the time presided. Under Frederick, even high-born aspirants to office were compelled to work in earnest. Attendance on lectures in mineralogy, geology, and chemistry, were as indispensable as the daily task of recording the decisions of the board. The king's minute attention to details is curiously illustrated by his hesitation in confirming Stein's appointment, after two years' service, as a member of the board. "*Oberbergrath!*" he said to Heinitz, "that is a little too much (*ein bisgen viel*): what has he done to deserve it?" The minister was, in this instance, enabled to satisfy his master; but administrative reformers will probably admire the interference of the Sovereign in the appointment of an unsalaried third-class clerk. The collapse, however, of the Prussian monarchy under Frederick's commonplace successors, shows the fundamental unsoundness of a constitution which requires the constant superintendence of a man of genius.

In 1784, Stein entered on a sphere of provincial activity, in which he was occupied for twenty years. The post of Superintendent of Mines in Westphalia, with a seat in the local Government, first gave him an opportunity of displaying his rare administrative powers. In 1788 he was promoted to a higher rank in his department; in 1793 he became President of the Board of War and Domains for the County of Mark and for Cleve. In 1796 he was appointed President-General (*Oberpräsident*) of all the Westphalian Boards. The various duties of these offices were not unlike those which are discharged by the English civil servants in India.

The Councillor of Mines was charged with the management of the public coal mines and iron works. The functions of the Director of Domains included the management of roads, rivers, and factories. The Chief-President of Westphalia governed a district containing half-a-million of inhabitants, collecting the revenue, making the roads, improving the navigation of rivers, and superintending the police. It is said that Stein's public works are still remembered in Westphalia: but it is not probable that official management of mines and factories can ever rival the achievements of private enterprise. Stein was esteemed the most accomplished administrator of his time; but his long experience led him to the conviction that the Prussian system of official interference was thoroughly defective and wasteful. In his later life he lost no opportunity of denouncing bureaucracy and *paperasserie* (red-tapism), or of dwelling on the comparative cheapness and efficiency of the less elaborate State machinery which is employed in England.

If Stein had preferred diplomatic employment to an administrative career he might easily have satisfied his ambition, for so early as 1784 he was employed in a negotiation of some importance with the Elector of Mayence. The internal politics of Germany on the eve of the great revolutionary war appear strangely obsolete; but the transactions which are fully recorded by Mr. Pertz are interesting to the historical student. The Ecclesiastical Archchancellor of the Empire had, by the injudicious policy of Joseph II., been detached from the interests of Austria. In common with the other Princes whose position was menaced, the Elector turned to Prussia, where the aged king was still determined on maintaining the balance of power which his arms and policy had first established. Confident in his alliance with Catherine II., and in his family connection with Louis XVI., the Emperor was rapidly encroaching on the rights of the German potentates, and on the franchises of the cities; and for the second time he was planning the incorporation of Bavaria into his hereditary States. Stein was employed, on the recommendation of Heinitz, to sound the Court of Mayence with respect to the League of which Frederick had determined to become the head. The young diplomatist was opposed by the French Minister, Count O'Kelly; by the Austrian Traut-

mannsdorff; and by the Russian Romanzoff, son of the Marshal, and afterwards himself Chancellor of the Empire. The negotiation, however, was simplified by the eagerness of the Elector to accept the offered support of Prussia. It was only necessary to preface the conclusion of the business by the proper affectation of delay and mystery, and to conduct with fitting activity the intrigues with male and female courtiers, which were indispensable preliminaries to any princely decision. The Ecclesiastical States presented the additional peculiarity, that every successive incumbent was expected, as at the Vatican, to reverse the policy of his predecessor. It was expedient, therefore, after obtaining the assent of the Elector, to win over his probable successor, Baron von Dalberg. The attempt was unsuccessful, inasmuch as the cautious prelate had nothing to gain by pledging himself to the cause of Prussia. At a later period Dalberg's devotion to Napoleon was rewarded by the Grand Duchy of Wurtzburg, and by the Primacy of the Confederation of the Rhine. His heir, the Duke of Dalberg, when French ambassador at the Congress of Vienna, proposed to pay a visit to Stein; but the Minister took little pains to conceal his antipathy to a Dalberg who had condescended to become a Frenchman. "Tell him," was the answer to the courteous overture, "that if he comes as ambassador from the King of France, he shall be welcome; if he visits me in his private capacity, I will have him pitched down stairs."

In 1802 the bishopric of Munster was divided among several of the neighboring princes, the largest share falling to Prussia. Stein was charged with the apportionment of territory, and with the organization of the new province; a thankless task, as the inhabitants were naturally dissatisfied with the transfer of their allegiance, and suspicious of a Protestant Government. The Prussian commissioner, however, although himself a member of the reformed confession, entertained the most cordial feelings to the rival Church. The Dean of Munster, Count Spiegel, afterwards Archbishop of Cologne, used his influence in the chapter and in the district to allay the public dissatisfaction; and many of the principal functionaries willingly transferred their services to their new superior. During the short remainder of his Westphalian administration, Stein resided

principally at Munster, where he shared the occupation of the episcopal palace with the commander of the forces, General Blucher. His provincial career terminated with his appointment, in 1804, to the post of Minister of Finance.

Innumerable proofs of the energy and ability which had been for twenty years employed in promoting the interests of the province, may be found at length in the pages of Pertz. Few heads of departments have governed so vigorously, or effected so many administrative reforms. Above all his other qualities, Stein was distinguished by his skill in the selection of subordinates, and by success in making himself obeyed. Beloved and feared, he had in his countenance and character "that which men would fain call Master—authority." His reprimands were singularly plain-spoken. In a minute preserved by his biographer, a public functionary is recorded as chargeable with "a malignant coarseness (*gallichte grobheit*), which exposes him to the hatred of his inferiors, and to the contempt of independent observers." "The brutal conduct" of the delinquent is attributed to ignorance and presumption; and he is not unreasonably menaced with the loss of an office which he discharges with "misanthropic bitterness and illegality." It must be remembered, in justice to the Chief President, that his strong language was by no means used exclusively in dealings with his subordinates.

It is to be regretted that there is little record of Stein's private and domestic life. In 1792 he married Countess Wilhelmina Walmoden, daughter of the Hanoverian general of that name, who was himself a son of George II. and Lady Yarmouth. The courtship was free from romance, as became a match so equal and suitable. The business-like method of German marriages prevailed over the fervid and impetuous temper which the lover often exhibited on occasions of less importance. In a letter written in the summer of 1792, he informs his correspondent, Madame von Berg, that he is anxious, before making up his mind in favor of Countess Wilhelmina, to see a certain Charlotte Diede, whom his sister strongly recommends. In September the Walmoden star is in the ascendant. Madame von Berg is requested to excuse him from a visit to Berlin, because he intends to marry before the spring—"Prob-

ably it will be Countess Wilhelmina Walmoden, unless I find something very extraordinary at Ziegenberg; then I shall take a tour in Switzerland." The fair Charlotte was not destined to accompany the tourist. Wilhelmina finally triumphed in December; and it is satisfactory to find that on the whole their marriage was reasonably happy. The young Baroness Stein discharged faithfully her duties as a wife and as a mother; and her husband, who had always respected her, finally learned to love her with all the tenacity of his serious and earnest nature. On her premature death she left two daughters; but the male line and the ancient name of Stein became extinct.

In 1804 Stein succeeded his old patron, Heinitz, in the Prussian Ministry of Finance. The King hesitated long before he placed in so important a department a functionary whom he respected for his ability, but disliked on account of his originality and independence. Frederick William III. entertained a truly royal antipathy to genius; but he was conscientious, and open to conviction. His cabinet counsellor, or private secretary, Beyme, succeeded in overcoming his objections, and the new minister speedily satisfied all observers of his pre-eminent fitness for his office. Within a few months the excise was readjusted, the salt duties were placed on a new footing, the removal of numerous transit dues established an internal system of free trade; and the whole machinery of revenue was examined, checked, and readjusted. A clear-headed financier and vigorous administrator could desire no better fortune than to find himself endowed with ample powers and surrounded by innumerable practical solecisms in economy. The removal of abuses which have checked the natural development of prosperity, is equivalent to the discovery of new sources of wealth. It is only necessary to break down the dam and the water will find its proper level. There was, however, little leisure in 1804 and 1805 to draw out the hidden treasures of Prussia. It soon became necessary to provide for the demands of an imminent war, instead of legislating for the ordinary condition of the country. At the same time Stein was induced by circumstances and inclination to rise above the sphere of administrative activity, and to claim his natural place in the first rank of contemporary statesmen.

The cowardice of 1805 had been avenged by the rashness of 1806. The sophists and traitors who had prevented a rupture when the quarrel might have been fought out with the aid of Austria, shrank from resisting a hopeless struggle when the fear of popular indignation began to outweigh the dread of a foreign enemy. Napoleon himself, though certain of victory, could scarcely have anticipated the ease with which it was to be achieved. The army of Frederick the Great was broken at Jena and Auerstadt, and disgraced by the eager rivalry of the numerous garrisons to surrender the fortresses entrusted to their care. On the 20th of October, Stein, after securing the funds of his department, left Berlin, with other members of the Government, to join the King at Königsberg.

He had not waited for the catastrophe to express his opinion on the policy of the State; but his title of Minister implied no power of interference with the general conduct of affairs. Frederick William I. and Frederick the Great had adapted their administrative machinery to their own practice of immediate personal government; and their system was retained by their feeble successors. The number of ministers varied from time to time, but in general four of their body managed as many provinces, while others conducted special departments extending to the entire monarchy. There was no council to give the chief public functionaries the support of a corporate existence, nor had they severally the right of direct communication with the sovereign. The King received reports and conveyed his orders through his cabinet of private secretaries, consisting at this time of Beyme and of the notorious French partisan Lombard. Haugwitz became, by a close alliance with Lombard, practically chief minister, and directed the foreign policy of the country. The confused and perilous condition of public affairs proved the necessity of a change. It was of the utmost importance to substitute an organized body of statesmen for the government of venal parasites and courtiers. In 1806 Hardenberg, then Franconian minister, was negotiating with England, while Haugwitz was still identified with the policy of France.

Stein determined on making an effort to convince the King of the necessity of reform. His position was at this time strengthened both by his great official reputation and by

his social relations. He was on terms of intimacy with the King's brothers, with Prince Louis Ferdinand, and especially with his sister, Princess Louisa of Prussia, and her husband, Prince Anthony Radzivil. In the army Blücher, Ruchel, and Phull cordially shared his views. Hardenberg was hostile to the person and policy of Haugwitz. Finally, Stein's early friend, Madame von Berg, was high in the confidence of the Queen. With characteristic boldness, after much discussion, he determined to act alone; and on the 10th of May he delivered to the King one of the most plain-spoken memorials which has ever been presented to an absolute monarch. The proposal to substitute for the government by departments a responsible and deliberate council of ministers, however distasteful, could scarcely have been thought offensive. The singularity of the manifesto consisted in a series of vigorous personal criticisms on the actual advisers of the Crown—Haugwitz and the two private secretaries. The writer, admitting that Beyme was a man of sense and a respectable lawyer, nevertheless complained that he was presumptuous, ignorant of political economy, and corrupted by his connection with Lombard. It further appeared that Madame Beyme was vulgar and conceited. Lombard, according to Stein, was a cripple in mind and body, an ignoramus, familiar only with French diletantism (*schongeisterei*). "His moral sense is destroyed by early profligacy, and he has attained to a perfect indifference between good and evil. The diplomatic relations of the State at a crisis unparalleled in modern history, are intrusted to the unclean hands of a low-born French poetaster, a corrupt crippled *roué*, who spends his time in gambling and debauchery." Nor did Haugwitz fare better. The King was informed that his confidential minister was shallow and incapable, fawning and sneaking (*süsslich und geschmeidig*). He had been a *theosophe*, a ghost-seer, a disciple of Lavater, a profligate, and a gambler; he had basely betrayed the woman who lived with him; he was incapable of veracity, and a mere broken-down man of pleasure. The remainder of the memorial consisted of a scheme for the establishment of a council of ministers, and included an ill-considered self-denying clause, pledging its author not to accept any promotion consequent on a change.

The King, as it afterwards appeared, not unnaturally resented an application so unusual in form, and so little flattering to his own judgment in the selection of advisers. For the time, however, Stein's services were indispensable, and his memorial was left unanswered. A second remonstrance, signed not only by the Minister, but by the Princes, and by some of the Generals, was answered by a sharp reprimand. The King's patience was still not exhausted, but he had yet to learn the pertinacity of his haughty Minister of Finance.

On the flight of the Court from Berlin the ministry was broken up; and on Beyme's recommendation the King offered Stein the department of Foreign Affairs. The reply consisted in a repetition of the arguments in favor of an independent cabinet, in a peremptory demand for the dismissal of the secretary, and in a recommendation of Hardenberg for the post of Foreign Minister. A curious negotiation, fully recorded by Pertz, failed to lead to a favorable conclusion. At the beginning of January, 1807, on the night before the retirement of the Court to Memel, Stein received a royal autograph not less remarkable for distinctness of language than his own memorial. "I had prejudices against you once," the King began with an honest abruptness. "I always considered you a man of reflection, talent, and capacity, but at the same time I thought you eccentric and original (*genialisch*); a person, that is, who always considers his own opinion right, and is therefore unsuited to a post where he is liable to be irritated by collision with others. I overcame these prejudices, as I have always striven to select public servants on reasonable grounds, and not by personal caprice." . . . "You refused the foreign portfolio in a bombastic disquisition. . . . I gave way; and to meet your views as to the necessary improvements in the conduct of business I issued, on the 17th of December, the order which, I suppose, you are acquainted with. I say *suppose*, for your persevering silence, which, at first, I attributed to your health, must otherwise remain wholly inexplicable." In a first draft the King had written: "I cannot attribute your silence to mere defiance and disobedience, for if I did I should be obliged to provide a suitable lodging for you" (*i. e.* to order an arrest). "From all this I see with great regret that I was not mistaken at first, but that you are to be regarded as a perverse, contumacious, obstinate, and disobedient public servant, who, pluming himself on his genius and talents (*auf sein genie und seine talente poehend*), far from keeping the good of the State before his eyes, acts under the influence of passion and of personal animosity and

irritation. . . . I am really hurt that you have forced me to speak so clearly and plainly. As, however, you profess to be a lover of truth, I have told you my opinion in plain German (*auf gut Deutsch*); and, I must add, that unless you think fit to change your disrespectful and unbecoming conduct the State cannot reckon much on your further services."

It is, perhaps, on the whole, convenient that the rulers of mankind should either control their tempers, or consult the dignity of their position by the ordinary formal circumlocutions; yet it is a relief to meet, for once, with a State paper written in plain English or *gut Deutsch*. The Minister and the King afterwards understood each other better; but, for the time, reconciliation had become impossible. Stein instantly replied, by a letter which recited the most offensive parts of the royal missive, and concluded by the tender of his resignation. The King answered that he had nothing to add to Baron Von Stein's judgment on himself. A request for a formal release from office was left unnoticed. Not only the generals and statesmen who supported the national cause, but the friends and allies of Prussia, considered the fall of the Minister a public calamity. The English envoy, Lord Hutchinson, expressed his regret in the strongest terms, and made no secret of his suspicion that the King's advisers were not to be trusted.

During the course of the spring an overture on the part of Niebuhr, who was himself inclined to enter the service of Russia, induced the Emperor Alexander to offer Stein a similar invitation. The ex-Minister was impatient of leisure, and well disposed to accept the proposal; but, less hasty than his friend, he asked for further information before he returned a positive acceptance. The correspondence, however, was not completed, when events occurred which rendered the negotiation useless for the time. During the conferences at Tilsit the French Emperor insisted that Hardenberg, who had recently obtained the confidence of the King, should be dismissed, as hostile to French supremacy. In answer to an expression of helplessness on the part of Frederick William, the conqueror carelessly replied, "Prenez le Baron de Stein, c'est un homme d'esprit." It was convenient that there should be a man of business, in the position of a superior prefect, to extract the enormous contributions which were imposed on the remaining provinces of the monarchy. Napoleon could not know that he had named the man who, of all German statesmen, was most fully determined to throw off the foreign yoke. After an unsuccessful application to Schulenberg, who afterwards degraded himself by

serving Jerome Bonaparte in Westphalia, the King offered Stein the Ministry of Finance and of the Interior. The patriotic party remembered with anxiety the breach which had so recently occurred. Hardenberg and Blücher wrote to urge the acceptance of the King's offer. Niebuhr thought that Stein would undertake the task, but characteristically despaired of his success. Princess Louisa Radzivil, relying on her long and warm friendship with the ex-Minister, wrote an admirable appeal to his generosity and patriotism. Stein himself never for a moment hesitated. The personal offence which he had resented had received full atonement, and the public need of his services superseded all personal considerations. No other public man possessed the same knowledge of business, though Niebuhr was perhaps more intimately familiar with the details of finance and currency. No other statesman—not even Hardenberg—possessed in an equal degree the confidence of the nation. With well-judged magnanimity he abstained from imposing conditions on his sovereign. "I leave to your majesty," he said, "all arrangements as to the conduct of affairs, or to the persons with whom I am to transact business." The despatches had found him ill with an intermittent fever; but the excitement of his new position rapidly restored his strength, and in a short time he was able to commence his laborious journey to Memel.

The extraordinary energy of Stein's short administration has been more generally recognized than other portions of his public activity. His task was by no means hopeful. No European country has been exposed, since the Thirty Years' War, to the sufferings which the French occupation entailed on the residuary provinces of the Prussian monarchy. A territory containing 5,000,000 of impoverished inhabitants was compelled to maintain a foreign army of 160,000 men, while every officer followed at due distance the example of the generals and marshals who took the opportunity to amass fortunes for themselves. Among many satraps Soult was, as usual, preëminent in cupidity, while Davoust was more remarkable for ferocity. Victor alone, among the commanders of high rank, remembered what was due to himself and to humanity. The General-Intendant, Daru, was charged by his master with the duty of raising the largest contributions which could be obtained, and of putting forward impossible demands for the purpose of prolonging the French occupation. Independently of supplies to the army, and of private extortions, the payments imposed on Prussia down to the end of 1808, amounted to £20,000,000. The new Minister found him-

self in a position which, however difficult, was highly favorable to the exertion of his energies. The King treated him with a degree of good faith which won his permanent respect and esteem. The Queen soon learnt to regard him with friendly cordiality. The Princes, and still more the Princesses, of the Royal family were among his warmest friends. He was surrounded by able men of business in the capacity rather of subordinates than of colleagues. Schön and Niebuhr acted under his directions. The Provincial Minister Schrötter gave an active support to his internal reforms; and he had the satisfaction of seeing Scharnhorst and Gneisenau already engaged in their measures for the regeneration of the army.

There is but a partial foundation for the popular belief which attributes to Stein the abolition of serfdom in Prussia. The measures which were subsequently carried out, had been prepared by Schrötter before the arrival of the Chief Minister. The government had long before commenced a similar policy; and Stein himself had, to a certain extent, carried on the task during his Westphalian administration. Throughout the vast domains of the Crown, serfage proper (*Leibeigenschaft*) had been abolished by the first king of Prussia in the early part of the eighteenth century. Private landowners, in many districts, possessed serfs; and villenage (*Eigenbehörigkeit*) was, in all the provinces, a common tenure. As the peasant, in the majority of cases, possessed a hereditary right to his land, the question of enfranchisement presented little difficulty in principle. The commutation of personal services into money or lands, together with the enclosure of commons, rendered the transaction, in most instances, beneficial to all parties. Joseph II. had carried out a general measure of the same kind in the Hereditary States. The Constitutional Assembly in France had adopted the easier and ruder plan of a summary confiscation of feudal rights. In recent times the policy of commutation has been adopted by the Austrian government in Galicia, and by Kossuth and his colleagues in Hungary.

The servile tenure of the peasantry was by no means the only anomaly which could be removed with obvious economical advantage. The possession of land in almost all parts of this kingdom was clogged with a curiously inconvenient mass of obsolete restrictions. There were lands which could only be held by nobles, lands which could only be held by citizens, lands which could only be held by peasants. Where no equally rigid prohibition existed, the nature of the proprietorship varied according to the condition of the heir or purchaser. Many of the privileges belong-

ing to a knightly property (*Rittergut*) were extinguished or placed in abeyance if the tenement passed into the hands of a commoner. It was generally illegal either to subdivide or to consolidate peasant properties. The manorial domain and the dependent farms were kept rigidly apart. A legislation which had aimed at protecting each class against the encroachments of the rest, had deprived all of their natural freedom of action.

After carefully considering the plans of Schrötter, and the amendments suggested by other members of the Government, Stein embodied his decision in an edict which was published by the king on the 28th of October, 1807. Every inhabitant of the monarchy, without distinction, was thenceforward authorized to hold land in full possession. Vassalage (*Guts-Unterthänigkeit*), villenage, and serfdom were to be abolished after an interval of three years; while the limited or perpetual term of every occupier in his holding was to remain unaltered. Owners of entailed estates were enabled to grant leases; and means were provided of cutting off entails by family compacts. Notwithstanding the pedantic objections of Niebuhr, who wished by artificial legislation to maintain a population of peasant proprietors, facilities were offered, under certain restrictions, for the consolidation of farms. On the other hand, owners were permitted to alienate portions of their lands, or to dispose of the entire estate. It may be doubted whether an equally important measure was ever introduced or carried out with equal facility. The abuses which were removed by the royal edict had only been preserved by the general indisposition to change, combined with the reluctance of the nobility to part with even useless privileges. The catastrophe of 1806 and 1807 reconciled all parties to reforms, judiciously devised, to improve a state of affairs which could scarcely be deteriorated. A vigorous minister at such a crisis naturally becomes a dictator: but the abolition of serfage and villenage in all parts of Europe has been accomplished with comparative ease — *temporis magis partus quam ingenii*. In England, the system had died out of itself three or four centuries before it began to disappear from the Continent. The measure which is most popularly associated with the memory of Stein was one of the simplest achievements which distinguished his official career.

Few statesmen have combined the preparation of so many systematic reforms with an equally active superintendence of pressing business. An elaborate system of administrative organization, embracing every department of the State, had not been finally adopted when the Minister was removed

from office. He had, however, introduced a municipal constitution for all considerable towns; and he drew up a still bolder project for a general Representative Assembly. Having, after a short interval, added to his other functions the management of foreign affairs, Stein employed an intelligent agent — Sack — to treat with Daru at Berlin, and despatched the king's brother, Prince William, to Paris with Alexander von Humboldt as his adviser. In the mean time he strained every nerve to raise the funds which were required. The multiplicity of measures which he devised for the purpose proved his untiring energies and the variety of his resources. Russian coins were made a legal tender. By Niebuhr's advice, bank-notes were accepted at their current value in payment of taxes. The corporations of nobles in various provinces were induced to guarantee bills issued by the Government. The Estates of West Prussia voted an income-tax. The Mark of Brandenburg, and some other provinces, raised their quota by a property-tax. In defiance of many plausible objections, the Minister determined to sell crown-lands to the value of two and a half millions sterling. He employed Prince Wittgenstein to sound the miserly Elector of Hesse as to the possibility of a loan; and he sent Niebuhr on a similar mission to Amsterdam. The personal relations of that great scholar and able financier to his chief had become less easy from the time when his objection to the consolidation of small freeholds was overruled. Their friendship still continued: but the Minister and the Councillor of State were at the same time opposed in temperament and equally irritable. The sanguine and impetuous vigor of Stein jarred on the timid and desponding disposition which made his subordinate one of the most impracticable of men. Niebuhr's reputation and knowledge eminently qualified him for the mission to Holland; but Napoleon himself instructed his brother, King Louis, to prevent the success of the negotiator. The only result of the journey is to be found in the valuable letters on Holland, which are published in the collection of Niebuhr's Minor Works.

The Emperor refused to discuss the amount of the contributions with Prince William, and set out on a triumphal progress to Italy. Daru treated Sack with so little consideration that Stein determined himself to undertake the negotiation at Berlin. The heavy wits of the Prussian capital declared that the two stones, *Stein* and *Pierre Daru*, would only strike fire when they came into contact. Nor did it seem improbable that the proud and irritable Minister would be brought into dangerous collision with the susceptibility and insolence of the conquering nation. But

there is no species of business for which a strong character is unfitted. Stein knew both himself and the object which he had determined to attain. After condescending to flatter Daru by procuring his election to the Berlin Academy, he succeeded before the end of March in obtaining his signature to a convention, by which, subject to the Emperor's approval, the terms of payment, and the periods of evacuation, were finally arranged. Immediately afterwards, at the urgent request of the Queen and the Royal Family, the Minister returned to Königsberg for the purpose of overawing the hostile cabals which had been formed in his absence.

In the mean time, the hopes which the Spanish insurrection had spread throughout Europe were not unfelt in Prussia. The Military Commission had already commenced its salutary labors. In the closest union with Stein, Scharnhorst determined on training the whole population to arms by composing the limited force tolerated by the conqueror's jealousy of a rapid succession of young recruits, who, after completing their term of service, formed a reserve in the ranks of the *landwehr*. It appears from some reminiscences of the minister Schön, published in the Appendix to Pertz's third volume, that Scharnhorst regarded the *landwehr* only as a reserve. "He was an excellent soldier of the line," says Schön, who attributes to Count Dohna the organization of the national militia in 1813. Niebuhr wrote protests from Amsterdam against any attempt to raise an army, or any thought of a second struggle from France. Phocion had, he said, prudently warned the Athenians to submit to Philip; and Jeremiah had given admirable advice to the rebellious few who doubted the divine mission of Nebuchadnezzar, and courted the aid of Egypt. Stein, however, was not a man to listen to patriots or to prophets who preached submission to the foreigner. By the summer of 1808, it was calculated that Prussia could once more bring 80,000 men into the field; and the Minister, with his military colleagues Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, held that the time for the struggle had already arrived. Austria was arming. The Spanish war was still unsuppressed. The eventual aid of England was certain; although Canning intimated to Stein's agents that his Government would not be responsible for the consequences of a premature collision. Subsequent events may seem to have proved the inexpediency of an early struggle: but the advocates of war in 1808 had strong reasons to urge in support of their policy. It was more desirable to fight before the contributions were paid, than to furnish the means of war to the enemy. Napoleon's unrelenting animosity to the State which he had

so deeply humbled, gave color to the suspicion that his generals might be instructed to imitate at Königsberg the treacherous arrests of Bayonne. Above all, it was of vital importance to act in concert with Austria. The nearly balanced campaign of Aspern and Wagram might have had an opposite result if Blücher and Scharnhorst had joined the Archduke Charles, or directed their forces against the enemy's communications.

The King was altogether disinclined to the projects and sanguine hopes of his Minister and of his generals. He had learned in 1806 to distrust his army and people; but even the experience of Tilsit had not shaken his reliance on Russia. Alexander, still hoping to obtain the Danubian Principalities through the favor of Napoleon, and anxious to secure the fruits of his perfidy in Finland, earnestly warned Frederick William, both by letter and in person, against any approximation to Austria. It was in vain that Stein reminded the King of Alexander's unsteady character, and of the superior military resources which Austria had developed in the recent wars. An early decision was necessary; for Napoleon had again increased his pecuniary demands, and he required that the Prussian army should be reduced to 30,000 men. Stein's hold on the royal confidence was already in some degree shaken, and his ministerial career was rapidly drawing to a close.

The changes which he had originated naturally caused dissatisfaction in many quarters, and his enemies were anxious at the same time to effect his overthrow, and to earn the favor of the French authorities at Berlin. While the rest of the nation was unanimous in resenting foreign oppression, all historical precedent would have been violated if the invader had failed to find partisans and admirers in the court and aristocracy. Zastrow, Kalkreuth, Voss, and Prince Hatzfeldt were the most conspicuous members of the French faction; and there was little difficulty in supplying Soult or Davoust with indications of Stein's hostile dispositions. The communications which passed between Berlin and St. Petersburg in the early part of 1804 show that similar treachery is still not obsolete at the Prussian Court. The Minister had positively refused to connect himself with the secret society of the *Tugenbund*, although his name has been popularly connected with its establishment; but he had undoubtedly conceived the plan of a national insurrection in the event of a war of liberation. In consequence of information furnished to Soult, an agent from Königsberg was arrested and searched; and in August the result appeared in the publication in the "Moniteur" of a letter from Stein to Prince Wittgenstein, containing allu-

sions to Spain and to Austria, to the general discontent of Germany, and to the possibility of future resistance. The official journal humorously added, that M. de Champagny and Prince William had that day signed a treaty which removed all causes of quarrel between France and Prussia.

It was at once evident to Stein that his position was no longer tenable. The French Emperor would even have had reasonable cause for remonstrance, if he had obtained possession of the letter in a more regular manner. It was idle to suppose that the imperious master who had required the dismissal of Hardenberg, would tolerate a far more vigorous and determined opponent. In the first instance, the King refused to accept the resignation which his Minister instantly tendered. Two or three months were spent in completing, as far as possible, the reforms which had occupied his administration. In November he finally resigned his office, and proceeded to Berlin. At the beginning of January, 1809, the whole of Germany was astonished by an Imperial decree published in the "*Moniteur*," with the date of Madrid. Napoleon's abnormal career scarcely presents a second instance of so ostentatious a defiance of all the rules of justice and international law. "One Stein," so ran the decree, "*Le nommé Stein*, seeking to excite troubles in Germany, is declared the enemy of France and of the Confederation of the Rhine. The property which the said Stein may possess, whether in France or in the territories of the Confederation, shall be sequestered. The said Stein shall be arrested wherever he can be found by our troops or by those of our allies." Six years later — and Stein, at the right hand of Alexander, was an active participator in the proclamation which declared the European outlawry of Napoleon.

Berlin with its French garrison was evidently a dangerous residence; but a rapid journey into Bohemia rescued Stein's person from arrest. His estates on the Rhine and in the Duchy of Warsaw were seized and kept in sequestration till the re-conquest of Germany. The Austrian Ministers dissuaded him from visiting Vienna, but they offered him an asylum at Troppau. At that city, at Brunn, and at Prague, he resided with his family for three years. The Emperor revenged himself for the escape of the victim by the arrest of his sister, the Baroness Marianne Stein, at her deanery of Wallerstein, on an absurd charge of treason. The innocent lady was compelled to travel as prisoner to Paris without a personal attendant, and for some time she was kept there in custody. At the end of an illness produced by the alarm and hardships which she had suffered,

the imperial vengeance was so far appeased that she was allowed to return to Germany.

Napoleon's extravagant act of tyranny pointed out to all German patriots their proper champion and leader. Mr. Pertz states that it was from the Madrid decree that Stein's name was first known to himself and to thousands of others. The enemy of the public oppressor became the representative of national feeling. Niebuhr was as usual almost frantic with grief, alarm, and disapprobation. He attributed the blow which had fallen to error and weakness on the part of his friend, and to influences which would have been counteracted by his own presence. Stein, however, was not like his critic one who thought all dangers inevitable, and all difficulties insurmountable. Niebuhr, though a true patriot, deprecated resistance to a foreign conqueror, as he uniformly resisted every scheme for extending constitutional freedom, notwithstanding his sincere theoretical attachment to liberty. It is singular that he was at last frightened by the Revolution of July into the illness of which he died. Notwithstanding his warnings, and the respectable authority of Jeremiah, Stein was already placing his hopes in the Pharaoh of Austria.

When the victory of Wagram and the conqueror's marriage with Maria Louisa had disappointed the hopes raised at Aspern, the ex-Minister's impatience of repose frequently betrayed itself in complaints of the approach of old age. He omitted no opportunity of attempting to influence public affairs. He drew up memorials on education for the Austrian Government, corresponded incessantly with Scharnhorst and his colleagues, and attempted, through the Prince Regent's Hanoverian Minister, Count Munster, to obtain some employment in the service of England. Three years after his retirement a new and unexpected field was opened for his energies.

In March, 1812, on the very eve of the war, in obedience to an invitation from Alexander, he joined the Imperial headquarters at Wilna. He judiciously declined the offer of a post in the Russian service, preferring to act as adviser to the Emperor on all questions relating to German affairs. His position was in many respects anomalous; but it was understood on all sides that the ex-Minister of Prussia owed no general allegiance to the sovereign whom he undertook to aid in a war in which Russia was nominally an enemy. For Stein's vigorous understanding and manly conscience it was enough to know that for the time the hopes of Germany were bound up in the success of Russia. He could best serve his country by influencing the policy of the only independent sovereign who still existed on the Continent. The Em-

peror was accustomed to foreign counsellors. At different periods of his reign he reposed confidence in Czartoriski, in the Corsican ex-member of the Constituent Assembly Pozzo di Borgo, and in the Corfiote Greek Capo d'Istrias. Stein might well appear at his court as the virtual representative of a nation which, notwithstanding the adherence of its princes to France, was the natural confederate of any Power in arms against Napoleon.

By his advice the Emperor appointed a German Committee, under the presidency, first of the Duke of Oldenburg, and afterwards of Stein himself. An agency was maintained for a time at Prague for the purpose of circulating patriotic publications, and of enlisting bands of partisans who might intercept the French couriers, and eventually form the nucleus of a German insurrection. Through Gneisenau and Munster, Stein endeavored to prepare the English Government for an expedition to the coast of the North Sea. It was also determined to form a German legion of deserters, prisoners, and volunteers. The most important result, however, of Stein's activity consisted in the conviction which he impressed on Alexander's mind that the liberation of Germany was an indispensable condition of a successful resistance to France. He accompanied the Emperor to Moscow, and afterwards to St. Petersburg, where he used all his influence to counteract the exertions of the peace party, headed by the Empress Mother and the Grand Duke Constantine. In October the commencement of the French retreat put an end to all proposals of submission. Stein was dining at the imperial table when the news arrived, and heard the remark of the Empress Mother that she would be ashamed of her German birth if a single Frenchman lived to cross the Rhine. Stein instantly sprang from his seat, white, as it is recorded, with rage, and replied, in language seldom heard at Court: "Your Majesty is wrong in saying so, and especially in the presence of Russians who owe so much to the Germans. You ought to speak only of your cousins the German Princes. I lived on the Rhine in 1792 and the following years. There was no fault in the honest German nation. If the Princes had trusted them, and known how to use them, no Frenchman would ever have crossed the Elbe, not to speak of the Vistula and the Dnieper." It must be remembered that the Empress Maria was a Princess of Wurtemberg; her brother was one of the most servile followers of Napoleon, from whom he had accepted the kingly title; her niece had married Jerome Bonaparte. It does not, however, appear that Stein lost his influence at Court by a boldness which

can scarcely have been consistent with imperial etiquette.

He has been censured for his share in introducing Russian influence into Germany; but Mr. Pertz has clearly shown that Stein was one of the first to guard against the danger which has since become so formidable. While Napoleon was still in Moscow he urged upon Munster, and on Pozzo di Borgo, the importance of inducing England to assume the lead in German affairs, which must otherwise fall to Russia. After the commencement of the retreat, he used every exertion to induce the English Government to take the German Legion into its pay, and to commence operations between the Elbe and the Rhine. In a memoir which he forwarded from St. Petersburg, by the hands of Lord Walpole, he recommended the division of Germany between Austria and Prussia, adding the singular suggestion that, at the approaching settlement of Europe, Holland should be added to the dominions of the English Crown. Earlier, perhaps, than any other statesman, he saw the necessity of guarding against the measure which has since unsettled the balance of power, and destroyed the independence of Germany. The problem which was eventually solved at the Congress of Vienna, was proposed from the time when Kutusoff commenced his westward march. Under the influence of Czartoriski, and other Polish advisers, Alexander was already meditating the re-establishment of Poland under himself, as constitutional king. The scheme was at the same time consistent with the hereditary policy of his house, and congenial to his personal inclinations. Peter the Great is said to have advised his descendants, after partitioning Poland, to resume by degrees the portions which might have been seized by their confederates. The greater part of Frederick's share of Poland had already been severed from Prussia, and it was possible that in the course of events Austria might be induced or compelled to abandon Galicia. Alexander himself, also, in the plenitude of absolute power, longed for the new excitement of constitutional administration. The dreamy love of freedom which he had imbibed in his youth was not yet exchanged for the kindred religious mysticism which characterized his later years. He gravely assured Stein that the propagation of liberal principles was the only object for which he wished to live. Although the Emperor's liberalism led to the acquisition of Poland, as his piety afterwards embodied itself in the Holy Alliance, there is no reason to suppose that his sentiments in either case were exclusively or consciously hypocritical.

From the first Stein clearly saw that no

Polish Constitution would offer a barrier against Russian ambition. He explained to Munster the manner in which the projected kingdom would overlap Hungary, and penetrate into the heart of Germany. The danger, he said, could only be obviated by the union of England and Austria, who might put a stop to these wild plans by distinct and firm declarations. The English Government can scarcely be blamed for the coldness with which these appeals were received. The Peninsular campaigns demanded all the military resources of the nation. The disgraceful campaign of Jena had destroyed all confidence in the armies of Northern Germany; nor was it unreasonable to suspect that Russia might again revert to the French alliance, after the treachery and rapacity which had been displayed at Tilsit. A bolder Minister than Lord Liverpool might well shrink from a proposal to revive the scheme for the union of Holland with England, which had been dropped since the days of Cromwell. About the same time the English Cabinet became aware of a still wilder project, drawn up by Count Munster, and communicated by order of the Prince Regent to the Courts of Russia and Sweden. The cool and experienced Hanoverian statesman was still a German. He reminded the Regent that the House of Welf, the oldest in the world, had, in the person of Henry the Lion, only six or seven centuries before, been deprived of vast dominions by an act of injustice, which there was now an opportunity to repair. He accordingly proposed that the Netherlands, with Hanover, Westphalia, and the neighboring provinces, should be constituted into a kingdom, which would pass to the male heir on the accession of the Princess Charlotte to the English throne. About the same time Gneisenau recommended that England should incorporate with her own dominions the whole of the Netherlands, and all the conquests which her arms could effect in Northern Germany.

Stein, with more practical sagacity, placed his hopes in the regeneration of Prussia; and it was in a great measure owing to his influence that Alexander, after the destruction of the French army, formed the resolution of reëstablishing the monarchy of Frederick the Great. A strong party in Russia considered that the objects of the war were accomplished by the evacuation of the national territory. The Chancellor Romanzoff, Stein's old Mayence opponent, had at all times deprecated opposition to France; and many of the generals, including the aged Commander-in-chief, were unwilling to risk in an offensive war the reputation which they had earned. The main army was reduced to 27,000 men on its arrival at Wilna. Finally,

there was reason to fear that the Emperor might concentrate his efforts on the immediate accomplishment of his Polish projects. In an elaborate memorial Stein proposed to Alexander the adoption of the policy which was subsequently carried out. He recommended that the King of Prussia should be invited to enter into an alliance with Russia; but that all engagements with the minor German Princes should be avoided. The allied Sovereigns were to appoint Commissioners to administer the districts evacuated by the enemy, leaving the permanent condition of Germany to be settled at the peace. With singular and characteristic boldness Stein, at the same time, recommended the dismissal of Romanzoff, describing him as "false and fantastical; crammed with point-less anecdotes, which proceed from the withered head of a courtier." Instead of expressing resentment, Alexander took the advice of his foreign counsellor, and even consulted him on the choice of a successor.

The Emperor's formal declaration, that he would restore Prussia to the rank of a first-rate Power, produced its first result in the defection from Macdonald's army of York with the Prussian contingent. In the first instance the King thought it prudent to disavow his general, and even to offer a renewal of his alliance with Napoleon; nor was it until his arrival at Breslau that Scharnhorst succeeded in convincing him that the nation was able and resolved to throw off the foreign yoke. At a much later period Frederick William left on record his gratitude to the officer who had, on his own responsibility, broken off the French alliance. The negotiations with York were already in a forward state, when the Emperor left St. Petersburg, in December, to place himself at the head of the army. Stein followed him in a few days, after writing urgently to his friends to take advantage of the new prospects which had opened for Europe: he told Munster that England was too late to assume the conduct of the war; but that men and arms ought to be sent without delay. With his usual freedom in personal criticism, he complained that Lord Cathcart was utterly incompetent; and he urged the importance of sending an abler representative to the headquarters of the allies. To Walmoden he said, "Tettenborn and Winzingerode are covering themselves with glory, and you, better than both, are going about Europe as a traveller." To Gneisenau his exhortations were still more pressing. "I earnestly beg you," he said, "to come. What are you doing in England, while Russians and Frenchmen are fighting in all directions in Germany? I earnestly entreat you to come. Farewell; but come." The gallant

soldier, who had never desponded in the worst of times, was soon to have the reward of his perseverance, and the opportunity of justifying the confidence of his friend. Second chief of the staff at Gross-Gorschen and at Bautzen, and from the death of Scharnhorst principal guide and adviser of Blücher, Gneisenau shared the glory of his chief at the Katzbach and at Leipsic. During the latter part of the advance on Paris he virtually commanded the army; nor was he absent from the side of the daring old Marshal in the concluding struggles of Ligny and Waterloo. Stein was perhaps not aware that Gneisenau arrived in Prussia with a commission to take the garrison of Colberg into English pay, if he found the King still allied to the enemy.

When the left wing of the French had been uncovered by the defection of York, the generals of the Russian forces, who first crossed the frontier of East Prussia, were disposed to treat it as a conquered province. The relations of the local authorities, and of York himself, with the commanders of the invading army were in the highest degree unsatisfactory. The President von Schön steadily refused his aid in appropriating the resources of his district to a cause which his Government might disapprove; and there was reason to fear that an honorable and patriotic feeling would seriously impede the liberation of the country from a foreign yoke. Alexander fortunately possessed in Stein the fittest of all agents for putting an end to the difficulty. Armed with full power from the Czar, the ex-Minister of Prussia arrived at Königsberg with the determination that the province should adhere to the common cause. After persuading the Emperor to recall his Corsican general Paulucci, the plenipotentiary directed that a meeting of the Estates should be summoned to vote supplies for the army. Schön, notwithstanding their old friendship, protested against the interference of a Russian commissioner; but in substance he acquiesced in the course which was suggested. After some violence of altercation with the President and with York, Stein consented to leave Königsberg before the meeting of the Diet. York obtained from the Estates a grant of money, and authority to call out the *landsturm* and *landwehr* for the defence of the province. Schön did justice to the patriotic self-denial of his friend, and naturally prided himself on the success with which he had defended the rights of his sovereign. The Russian plenipotentiary might with more justice have boasted that the object of his mission had been fully obtained, although he had required the smallest possible sacrifice of national dignity and constitutional propriety. It was no part of his

intention to make the freedom of Europe depend on the caprice of the Court of Berlin. Without the consent of the Crown the resources of the province had been in the most decorous manner devoted to the purposes of the war in anticipation of the formal alliance. If any additional irregularity had been indispensable to the attainment of the main object, Schön's scruples would have been more rudely treated.

The formal agreement between the two Governments could not be much longer delayed. By a strange fortune, Stein himself appeared at Breslau as the representative of Alexander, to obtain from his own sovereign the signature of the treaty of alliance. The Emperor undertook to restore to Prussia the limits of 1806, substituting, however, the Kingdom of Saxony for the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, which was already occupied as a conquered territory by the Russian army. Seeing the fixed resolution of Alexander, Stein thought that acquiescence in his Polish policy was unavoidable, and that the question could at the best only be left open till the final settlement of Europe. Through the negligence of Hardenberg, the compact was afterwards fulfilled in favor of the stronger Power, although England and Austria succeeded in preventing the total incorporation of Saxony with Prussia. When Princess Louisa Radzivil applied to Stein to exercise his influence in favor of the independence of Poland, he was obliged to answer that his own functions were strictly confined to the affairs of Germany. He could only refer the Princess to Prince Czartoriski, the principal author of the plan which Alexander had adopted, and his confidential adviser on all questions relating to Poland.

The destruction of the Grand Army had led the Allies to under-estimate the resources of their great antagonist. When only 40,000 Russians had crossed the Oder, and the Prussian levies were still incomplete, Napoleon resumed his wonted superiority at Gross-Gorschen and Bautzen. The princes of Western Germany ordered Te Deums to be sung for the triumph of order and legitimacy. The King of Wurtemberg decreed that criminals hostile to the French domination should be denied the aid of advocates on their trials. The King of Saxony obeyed the summons of the conqueror. Bavaria was enthusiastic in defence of her redoubted protector. Princes and statesmen often add to the vulgar reverence for power a professional enthusiasm which expressed itself forty years since in the language which has more recently been principally applied to the Emperor Nicholas. Then, as in our own time, the defence of ancient charters and franchises was called revolution, while order throughout the conti-

nent was synonymous with usurpation and tyranny. The "Moniteur," after the battle of Bautzen, denounced as a mischievous demagogue the proud aristocrat who had proved himself so formidable an enemy. "The notorious Stein," according to the official organ, "was an object of contempt to all honest men. It was his desire to raise the rabble against the owners of property." The peaceable population were congratulated on their escape from "Stein and the Cossacks." But it is unnecessary to quote at length the stereotyped jargon of despots and their sycophants. Honester critics were about the same time attacking the alleged revolutionist for a supposed want of zeal in the cause of Germany. Niebuhr, whom he had invited to share in his official labors, could not understand that the adviser of the Czar would lose all his influence if he adopted an exclusively Prussian tone. After two or three months of mutual jarring and irritation, Niebuhr threw up his appointment; and it was only many years later that their friendship was revived at Rome.

After the termination of the armistice, and the adhesion of Austria to the League, a great change took place in the policy of the war. Entering without enthusiasm into a contest which had long been foreseen, Metternich desired solely to recover the lost dominions of Austria, and to secure a durable peace. The avowed determination of his sovereign not to réassume the Crown of the Roman Empire, implied the maintenance of the minor princes in the full sovereignty which they had acquired under the patronage of Napoleon. The revival of the old kingdom of Otho and Conrad had from the first been impracticable. The Austrian influence rendered the division of Germany between the two great monarchies an equally hopeless project. It was in vain that Stein denounced a cool and calculating policy which was supported by Lord Aberdeen and by Nesselrode. To Metternich he applied the well-known passage from Faust on the blindness of the cunning; * and of the young Russian Minister already advanced through family interest to the Cabinet, though ostensibly excluded from the confidence of his master, he spoke with unbounded contempt. His indignation, in this instance, seems to have affected the clearness of his judgment. He scarcely rendered justice to the foresight with which Metternich looked beyond the immediate struggle; and he undoubtedly overrated the simplicity of "poor little Nesselrode," when he regarded him as the

victim of Austrian intrigues. The Court of Vienna already saw danger in the East, and remembered that within the year the Russian frontier had been advanced from the Dnieper to the Pruth. The designs of the Czar on Moldavia and Wallachia had never been concealed; nor could the purpose indicated by the occupation of Warsaw be mistaken. The fear of a new disturbance of the balance of power suggested the possibility that Napoleon might be advantageously maintained in possession of the left bank of the Rhine as a counterpoise to a rival conqueror. This jealousy of Russian aggrandizement, which forms the key to the subsequent policy of Metternich, provoked the bitterest resentment on Alexander's part. For considerable periods he refused to transact business with a statesman whom he with reason considered, to the end of his life, his most implacable opponent: but a Russian emperor is always cautious in his most impetuous moments. It is highly probable that "honest little Nesselrode" acted under private instructions when he acquiesced in the Austrian policy. Both the allied Emperors were in the habit of disclaiming the obnoxious acts of their servants. Francis II., a more homely and successful hypocrite than his confederate, invariably expressed his concurrence in the charges which Alexander preferred against Metternich; nor is it unreasonable to assume that the Czar may have caused one of his numerous ministers to act the part of a dupe in the presence of his skilful adversary. The defect of the far-sighted Austrian policy consisted in the impossibility of conducting a war against such an enemy as Napoleon in a half-hearted and temporizing spirit. The victory of confederated Europe was secured, not by the combinations of Metternich, but by the ambition of Alexander, by the patriotic enthusiasm which armed 250,000 men out of the Prussian population of 5,000,000, and by the vast resources of England. The Austrian Government, which controlled the diplomacy of the Allies, and named the generalissimo of the combined forces, never sent 50,000 men at one time into the field.

Immediately after the battle of Leipzig the allies conferred on Stein an extraordinary mark of confidence, by vesting in his hands the supreme administration of all conquered territories. The whole of Germany, with the exception of the Austrian and Prussian States, of Hanover, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, was divided into districts under governors-general. The control of the entire system, with the appointment of governors, and of other high functionaries, was entrusted to Stein. It was the duty of the Central Administration to provide for the wants of the army in each province, to draw out its

* "Ein Kerl der finstert
Ist wie ein Thier auf durrer Heide
Von einem bösen Geist in Kreis herumgeführt,
Und rings umher liegt schöne grüne Weide."

resources in men and money for the aid of the common cause, and to superintend the management of the military hospitals. At one period Stein's powers extended over a population of thirteen millions in Germany; and after the advance of the allies into France he exercised similar functions in the departments occupied by their army. The troops furnished by the Central Administration were estimated at 160,000. It is scarcely surprising that about this time some enthusiastic Prussian officers took a legal opinion on the eligibility of Stein to the vacant rank of German King and Emperor.

It was afterwards thought that Metternich had forwarded the arrangement for the purpose of removing from the immediate vicinity of Alexander's person an able and determined opponent. It is certain that while Stein was employed at Leipsic in organizing his administrative system, the Austrian minister, with the consent of the allies assembled at Frankfurt, offered peace to the enemy on the terms that France should retain her conquests as far as the Alps and the Rhine. Soon after Stein's arrival at headquarters he succeeded in persuading Alexander to carry on the war during the continuance of the negotiations, but he failed to secure the adoption of Blücher's plan for a rapid march on Paris. Metternich wished to maintain his communications with Italy, and to give Napoleon time for concession. The assembled diplomatists were still influenced by the terror which the French victories had for twenty years spread over Europe. While their formidable enemy was straining all his resources to make a final effort, the allies ostentatiously and gratuitously paraded their solicitude for the honor of France, and absurdly disclaimed the wish of rescuing even those provinces which had within the memory of the existing generation been forcibly severed from Germany. A display of force and a resolution to use it, forms the indispensable basis of negotiation between belligerents. Napoleon reasonably assumed that professions of generosity on the part of his adversaries were either indications of complicity or confessions of weakness. Metternich and his coadjutors unintentionally overreached the enemy whom they wished to save from the consequence of his own presumption. The cause which Stein and Blücher had at heart was most effectually served by the rejection of their counsels. An early advance would probably have secured the acceptance of the offers which were blindly rejected at Chatillon. For a considerable period, however, the peace-party was all powerful. Hardenberg, as well as Nesselrode, adhered to the Austrian policy, and Castlereagh on his arrival at headquarters supported with greater

authority the cause which Lord Aberdeen had zealously promoted. Count Munster, on the other hand, advocated the vigorous prosecution of hostilities; and in a singular correspondence, carried on through Count Lieven and Stein,* the Prince Regent and Lord Liverpool expressed a wish for the overthrow of the Emperor and for the restoration of the Bourbons. Alexander, probably misunderstanding the relations between the English sovereign and his minister, ventured to reproach Lord Castlereagh with his abject devotion to the policy of Metternich; but the Foreign Secretary knew his position and maintained his dignity. The greater ability and knowledge of Munster, although he possessed the personal confidence of the Regent, were insufficient to place the Minister of Hanover in a position to resist the Minister of England. At the end of February Castlereagh overruled Alexander's objection to an armistice, and of all the Russian counsellors only Stein and Pozzo di Borgo ventured to oppose the project of a peace. Three weeks later Napoleon refused the conditions of the allies, and commenced the daring and brilliant campaign on which his last hopes reposed. The inequality of force was too great, and notwithstanding the heavy blows which he had received, and the slackness of the Austrian generalissimo, Blücher pressed forward to Paris. In the prospect of an immediate change in the government of France, Stein used his utmost influence to counteract Alexander's half-formed scheme for transferring the Imperial Crown to the King of Rome, under the regency of Bernadotte. Two days before the capture of Paris, Stein himself adopted the bold measure of ordering his subordinate at Dijon to receive the Count d'Artois. Before his own arrival in the capital the allied sovereigns had already proclaimed the restoration of the Bourbons. On the 10th of April he wrote from Paris to congratulate his wife on the fall of the enemy, whom he by no means affected to pity or forgive. "The Archduchess," he concluded, "returns to her father. Jerome is gone to Stuttgart, Joseph to Switzerland, and so all this vagabond rabble is crushed" (*so ist alles dieses lumpengesindel zu boden*).

The triumphant termination of the war, changing the policy of the Allied Powers, incidentally affected Stein's position. His influence in the councils of the Czar had represented the alliance which circumstances had established between the interests of Rus-

* Count Lieven's despatch is published in the collection of Lord Castlereagh's Letters and Despatches. Lord Liverpool afterwards gave his colleague an explanation which he accepted as satisfactory. Stein was not aware that the English Government had from the first felt a strong repugnance to Alexander's policy, and a suspicion of his relations with Bernadotte.

sia and those of Germany. He had neither the power nor the wish to support Alexander in the projects of amateur liberalism and territorial aggrandizement which henceforth occupied his imagination. Metternich's disposition to spare the susceptibility of France had subsided with the fall of Napoleon; but Lord Castlereagh was consistent in his efforts to moderate the demands of the conquerors; and the Russian Emperor amused himself by co-operating, through the agency of Nesselrode, in the construction of a constitutional system for France. The approaching divergence in the views of the confederates was so evident to the assembled sovereigns, that they willingly adjourned the more delicate questions which were likely to arise. Austria entered into private arrangements with Bavaria for the settlement of Southern Germany. Alexander was not anxious to anticipate an investigation into his title to the Polish territories, which his armies continued to occupy. Hanover, supported by England, was secured against the claims of stronger Powers. The position of Prussia alone was uncertain. It was only in the Kingdom of Saxony that a vacant territory could be found as a compensation for the Grand Duchy of Warsaw; but it was easy to foresee that Austria would discountenance the claim, and that Russia might be careless to enforce it. Stein, who still administered Saxony through the governor-general, Prince Repnin, urged upon Hardenberg the importance of settling the territorial question while the brilliant services of Blücher and of the Prussian army were still fresh in the minds of the allies. The indolence and carelessness of the Chancellor of State threw away an opportunity which could never afterwards be recovered. By a secret article of the Treaty of Paris it was agreed that the questions of Poland and Saxony should be reserved for the decision of the Four Powers at Vienna. The allied sovereigns, with their principal ministers, were in haste to enjoy the hospitalities of the Prince Regent, and the solution of all political difficulties was adjourned to the approaching Congress.

Stein spent the summer at Frankfort and at Nassau, and in September, by Alexander's express invitation, he arrived at Vienna in readiness for the opening of the Congress. No statesman, in all that vast assembly of diplomatists, was more capable of giving a sound judgment on the two great questions which absorbed its attention. More solicitous than Hardenberg himself for the restoration of Prussia to her former rank in Europe, he was at the same time anxious to establish a constitutional system, by which German unity might be secured. His position, however, was essentially false. While Castle-

reagh and Hardenberg, Metternich and Alexander, spoke in the name of the Powers that governed the world, Stein could rely only on his own great name, and on the voluntary confidence which a foreign monarch might think fit to allow him. His indefinite position as a mediator between Germany and Russia, made him the centre of innumerable applications from Princes who wished for additional territory, and from patriots who desired security against petty despots. In his relations with the Emperor he could only depend on the respect which was inspired by his unbending character, and by his well-known influence in Germany. On the other hand, Alexander was well aware that his uncompromising adviser despised his liberalism and distrusted his ambition. The versatile Russian distributed his confidence to several agents who were entrusted with different employments. Rasumofsky was nominally his principal minister. Nesselrode, as Secretary of State, continued to support Metternich, who was in open hostility with his master. Capo d'Istria already began to prepare for the future independence of Greece. Czartoriski was charged with the maintenance of the Czar's favorite scheme for the revival of a constitutional monarchy in Poland. In Stein Alexander was certain of a wise and patriotic adviser on German affairs, and his connection with the great patriot secured him from the suspicions of the nation which was primarily interested in separating Poland from Russia. With Rasumofsky, Capo d'Istria, and Pozzo, now ambassador at Paris, Stein maintained the most cordial relations. He was on friendly terms with Hardenberg and with William von Humboldt. His Prussian inclinations separated him from the English envoys, as well as from Metternich and from Nesselrode. Well aware of the anomalous character and uncertainty of his position, he still took an active part in the Saxon negotiations, and assumed the lead in the discussions on the German Constitution.

The deliberations of the Congress had scarcely commenced, when the inevitable conflict of opposite interests began to make itself felt. During the earlier debates on the Polish question, Alexander found himself entirely unsupported. Among his own advisers, Rasumofsky, Pozzo, and Capo d'Istria dissuaded him from the project of placing a constitutional Poland by the side of the absolutism which must be maintained in Russia. Hardenberg concurred with Metternich in protesting against the aggressive military position which the Grand Duchy of Warsaw would afford, and recalled to the Emperor's recollection the promises which he had made at the commencement of the league of 1813. The Poles, however, with

Czartoriski at their head, demanded the restitution of their national existence; and Alexander declared that it was his duty to repair the crimes of his grandmother, the Empress Catherine. Lord Castlereagh bore the brunt of the opposition. In a memorandum addressed to the Emperor, he offered to satisfy his conscientious scruples by inducing Austria and Prussia to concur in the restoration of an independent kingdom of Poland. It was well known that Metternich would have given up Galicia for the purpose, and if the conclusions of diplomacy were dictated by logic, the English proposal would have been decisive. The English Minister, however, scarcely pretended to rely on his dialectic triumph. In substance he recommended a third partition of Poland, in which the Vistula should form the boundary of the Russian province. He was unfortunately enabled to enforce his arguments by references to the active share which England had taken in the appropriation of Finland at the expense of Sweden, and in the cession of Bessarabia by the Turks.

Stein had previously warned Alexander of the just alarm which his projects excited, and had advised Hardenberg rather to press for a limitation of the Russian territories than for the withdrawal of the Emperor's favorite plan of a representative government. Capo d'Istrias and Pozzo, with a more exclusive regard to the interests of the Imperial policy, earnestly remonstrated against the constitutional experiment, and pointed out the inexpediency of forcing on the attention of foreign Powers the internal system which might be established in Poland. Alexander, however, was not to be moved by argument or by opposition. The liberal professions which alarmed his allies were necessary to the satisfaction of his conscience. The extension of his empire would have caused him little pleasure unless his ambition could have assumed in his own eyes the form of generosity. Even in a pompous and feeble answer to Lord Castlereagh's Memorandum, he thought fit to assert that his own motives in securing the conquest of Finland had been less selfish than the interests which had led England to concur in the usurpation. "*Pour moi j'étais parti d'un principe plus généreux.*" Stein added in a marginal note, "*et d'un principe de prudence.*" The correspondence closed with a note in which the English Minister declined to take into consideration either the personal disinterestedness of which the Emperor boasted, or the change of circumstances on which he relied, as an excuse for violating his formal engagements with the Allies. During a visit of the three sovereigns about this time to Pesth, Alexander was so imprudent as to allow his

followers to sound the Hungarians as to their disposition to transfer their allegiance to Russia. There can be little doubt that his Imperial host, one of the great masters of the modern spy-system, was fully informed of the advantage which had been taken of his hospitality. Displays of irritation against the statesmen who opposed the Russian policy were less calculated to excite uneasiness. Metternich and Castlereagh might well smile at the ill-bred vanity of the mushroom soldier who avowed in the drawing-rooms of Vienna his contempt for every man who did not wear a uniform. It was in the course, however, of the Hungarian journey that Alexander achieved the decisive diplomatic triumph of detaching Prussia from the common cause of Europe. The personal ascendancy which the House of Romanoff has established over the House of Hohenzollern was exerted with so much effect that Frederick William formally ordered his minister to withdraw his opposition to the Polish claims of Russia. The arguments which effected the conversion may partly be collected from a subsequent statement of the Emperor, in conversation with Hardenberg, that the Austrian Minister had offered to recognize the kingdom of Poland on condition that Russia would oppose the Prussian claim to the Saxon territory. Metternich, in a formal note to the Chancellor of State, declared that the Imperial assertion was false; nor does Alexander's expression of regret that he could not resent the contradiction by a challenge, prove the truth of an allegation in itself highly improbable. The hope of Metternich to preserve the kingdom of Saxony depended in some measure on the possibility of compensating Prussia by the concession of the Polish territories on the left bank of the Vistula. The habitual antagonism of Austria to her German rival was for the moment a far less pressing interest than the opposition provoked by Russian encroachment.

There can be little doubt that, in return for the great concession made by Frederick William, Alexander undertook to guarantee the incorporation of the Saxon dominions with Prussia. At the commencement of the Congress, the object which Hardenberg had failed to secure at Paris seemed to be still attainable. England was neutral or favorable; Russia advocated the claim; the opposition of Austria was indirect and doubtful; and the protests of Talleyrand were rejected by the conquering Powers. The press of Berlin teemed with demonstrations of the injury which would be inflicted on the Saxon people by dismemberment; and, as it was agreed on all sides that a part of the kingdom must be assigned to the conqueror, there

were plausible reasons for adding the remainder. It was a case like that of Solomon's judgment, with the addition that the spurious mother was in any event entitled to half the body of the child. Niebuhr, Eichhorn, and Varnhagen were among the ablest literary advocates of Prussia. Stein was able to take a practical step to enforce the claims of his former Sovereign by persuading the allied Sovereigns to transfer the provisional government of Saxony to the Prussian authorities. His last act as head of the Central Administration of the conquered provinces, consisted in the recall of the Saxon Governor-general, Prince Reppin. The King imprudently rejected Stein's suggestion that he should conciliate popular favor by appointing his brother, Prince William, as his representative at Dresden.

If the Prussian acquiescence in the Russian project was purchased by the hope of ruining Saxony, the bargain proved unprofitable. The allies, when they found resistance to Russia on the main question of dispute to be hopeless, were little inclined to give way to her on secondary points, or to strengthen her close confederate. England and Austria began for the first time to show, by admitting Talleyrand to their councils, that they might be tempted to raise up France as a counterpoise to Russia.* The Polish dispute was still open in form, though practically settled; and just indignation was excited by demonstrations at Warsaw in favor of the imperial pretensions, under the immediate influence of the Grand Duke Constantine. The appropriation of Saxony by Prussia was unpopular in England; and Munster, who had recently of his own accord assumed the kingly title for his Sovereign, found Castlereagh willing to aid his resistance to the pretensions of a State which had often shown itself a dangerous neighbor to Hanover. Stein used all his influence in support of the claims put forward by Hardenberg and Humboldt; but he remonstrated against an instruction by which the Emperor directed his ambassador, Count Lieven, to intrigue with the English Opposition against Castlereagh's policy. "The English Minister," said Stein, "is one of the most commonplace of men, ill-judged, ill-informed, and blindly led by Count Munster; but he is honestly forwarding, to the best of his ability, the interests of his country." Except in extraordinary circumstances it is necessary to deal with a Government as the legitimate representative of the nation. In the case of Prussia, Alexander had succeeded in separat-

ing the Sovereign from the Minister; but all his efforts failed before the obstinacy of the Austrian Emperor. When Francis expressed his sympathy with the tirades of his ally against Metternich, he may have remembered, not without amusement, that Nesselrode still retained the post of Russian Secretary of State, notwithstanding his close connection with the obnoxious Minister. "Nesselrode has lost all his influence," said Stein, at this time, "through his incapacity, and his blind devotion to Metternich. . . . His mediocrity, ignorance, and narrowness of thought and feeling, as well as his want of spirit in difficult questions, prevented his ever long maintaining himself at a certain height." Forty years have passed, and the old Chancellor of State still maintains the height from which he presides over Russian diplomacy. It is strange that Stein failed to perceive that the Sovereign whom he had served for three years required agents on both sides.

In the beginning of January, 1815, Castlereagh, Metternich, and Talleyrand signed the secret treaty for eventual resistance to Russia, which has since become so celebrated. It was agreed that each of the contracting Powers should furnish 150,000 men, if any one of their number was exposed to aggression in carrying out the decisions of the Congress. Bavaria, Hanover, and the Netherlands, were invited to join the alliance, and it was afterwards extended to Sardinia. It is remarkable that so important a secret was never betrayed during the subsequent negotiations. Napoleon, on his return to the Tuileries, found a copy of the treaty in the Foreign Office, and immediately forwarded it to Alexander; but in the mean time the danger of a collision had passed over by the adoption of a system of compromises.* Castlereagh conciliated the Prussian Ministers by protesting against the demand of the King of Saxony to take a part in the negotiations. He also pointed out the inconvenience of a scheme which had been suggested for compensating the dispossessed monarch by a principality on the Rhine, where he would necessarily be dependent on French influence. Finally, he showed that all existing difficulties might be removed if Russia would accommodate her ally with some additional portions of the Duchy of Warsaw. Alexander had already consented to give over Thorn to Prussia, and to leave Cracow neutral, and nominally independent, as a security to Austria. All further concessions he positively refused: but he now began to hint

* Lord Castlereagh had even in Paris concerted with Talleyrand an eventual alliance against Russia. It was not, however, until the desertion of the common cause by Prussia, that he finally determined to co-operate with France.

* Alexander sent for Metternich, showed him the Treaty, and said that it should never be mentioned again. Nesselrode wrote to Castlereagh, "C'est le cas pour nous tous de *last shilling and last man*."

that he might be found less obstinate in the Prussian cause than his own. "Hardenberg," he said, "had in the first instance joined the coalition against Russia; but still, if the King insisted on his full demands, he would not shrink from his engagements." It was not difficult to understand that the weaker confederate must moderate his claims in deference to the opposition which had been called forth by the success of his more powerful supporter.

The Polish controversy ended with a memorandum from the English Minister. After expressing his regret that it had proved impossible to restore the independence of Poland, Lord Castlereagh expressed a hope that the three partitioning Powers would, by the encouragement of liberal institutions, and by a beneficent administration, give their Polish subjects as little reason as possible to regret their lost independence. It need scarcely be added that Russia, Austria, and Prussia were equally eager to give an undertaking which at the same time saved appearances and avoided inconvenient pledges. Of all those who had taken a part in the negotiation, Alexander alone could boast of success. He had pushed the advanced posts of his Empire into the heart of Europe, and with the sanction and applause of the Czarotiskis and the Radzivills, he had done much to complete the work of Catharine II. His opponents had been placed in the false position of opposing a scheme which purported to repair the greatest crime of the eighteenth century. Notwithstanding their verbal professions, Castlereagh and Metternich had necessarily advocated the entire dismemberment of the ancient kingdom. The Poles alone were consistent, and even prudent, in accepting the professions of Alexander. The imperial philanthropist, however shallow his liberalism might prove, offered them a national representation, and the more valuable boon of a national army. It was under the arrangements of 1815 that they were enabled to check the usurpations of Constantine, and in two campaigns to try the utmost strength of Russia; falling only after a struggle which must have been successful if Austria, or Prussia, or France had been true to the cause of Europe.

Before resigning his mission to the Duke of Wellington, Castlereagh succeeded in arranging the Saxon dispute. The king paid for his attachment to Napoleon with one half of his dominions, and the extension of the Prussian frontier to the Bohemian mountains was postponed for an indefinite period. The triple alliance of January proved to have been unnecessary, as the allied sovereigns had fortunately returned to more amicable relations before the arrival of the startling

news that the fallen Emperor was once more in France. The compensations and adjustments of territory among the minor States still remained to be settled. The affairs of Switzerland had been referred to a Committee under the presidency of Stein, including Humboldt, Dalberg, Stratford Canning, and Capo d'Istrias. The result of their labors was embodied in a report, which, after receiving the sanction of the Congress, became the foundation of the federal constitution.

The organization of the Germanic body had proceeded contemporaneously with the territorial settlement of Europe. Stein's attention to the question had dated from the commencement of the Russian war; and his wishes had uniformly pointed to the mediation of the minor Princes, and to the division of the ancient kingdom between the two great monarchies of the north and the south. The treaty of Reichenbach, by which Austria adhered to the Alliance against Napoleon, leaving open to the Princes of Germany the opportunity of joining the league, secured their future existence. Bavaria by the treaty of Ried, and Wurtemberg by the treaty of Fulda, obtained a guarantee for their maintenance of the position which both kingdoms owed to the favor of Napoleon. After the battle of Leipsic all the little potentates of the Rhine hastened to profit by the liberal provisions of Reichenbach. It was, however, still open to the great Powers to subject them either to limitation of territory, or to constitutional restrictions. Metternich himself, although his jealousy of Prussia rendered him the champion and patron of the Princes, could not meditate the suicidal policy of leaving the members of the Rhenish confederation in possession of the prerogatives which they had employed to further the encroachments of France. As Francis II. had already declared his determination to refuse the imperial Crown, it became necessary to provide a substitute for the Empire. By the Treaty of Chaumont, on the 1st of March, 1814, the Allied Powers declared that Germany should be a Federal State. Ten days later Stein delivered a memorandum to the Emperor Alexander in which he succinctly summed up the principal conditions of an efficient federal constitution. A directory of the four principal German Powers, a common army and tribunal, the institution of a Representative Assembly in each separate State, and the withdrawal from the exclusively German States of the right of peace and war: such were the practical suggestions offered for carrying out the resolution of the allies. It is, however, scarcely surprising that in the decisive crisis of the war, the consideration of constitutional questions was postponed to a calmer moment.

Hardenberg, on his return from London in the ensuing summer, submitted to Stein a detailed plan for a federal constitution, which, on the whole, satisfied his judgment. After much deliberation, an amended project was adopted, in which the executive for internal affairs was composed of the seven principal Governments; while the political direction was divided between Austria and Prussia. The Diet, or Deliberative Assembly, consisted of the Princes and Estates of the ancient empire. The territory included in the Federation was to be bounded on the east by the Elbe and the Inn. Stein considered it advisable that the greater portion of the Austrian and Prussian Monarchies should remain nominally as well as practically independent. It was for the purpose of checking the tyranny of anti-national propensities in the minor princes that the new constitution was required. Accordingly, they were restricted from making war and peace except through the federal Power, while all internal wars were positively prohibited. Every separate State was required to establish or maintain a legislative assembly, with the power of granting supplies and superintending expenditure. The plan which was thus developed, after undergoing various mutilations, formed the basis of the present Federal Constitution. That it should have been adopted in its original form was highly improbable. Hanover alone, with England at her back, would not fail to reject some of the limitations which were placed on the independence of the minor governments. It was also easy to foresee that the objections of the minor States would in many instances be supported by Austria, while the influence of Russia, in this instance wielded by Stein, was an obvious anomaly which it would be indiscreet to put prominently forward.

The Congress entrusted the preparation of the constitutional project to the five principal German Powers. Bavaria and Wurtemberg from the first declared their intention of thwarting by all means at their command the introduction of a system which would limit their autocracy. Count Munster announced to the Committee that the Prince Regent, as a proof of his attachment to freedom, had already instructed the Duke of Cambridge to summon the Estates together. The dissensions which have since arisen in Hanover were for a time postponed, and the Assembly met under the most favorable auspices. About the same time, Gneisenau, to Munster's great regret, refused from the Regent the offer of the Viceroyalty. The German Committee proceeded slowly with its task. Stein opposed to the despotic resolution of the King of Wurtemberg the liberal inclinations and Russian connections of

his son the Crown Prince, who has since become his successor. Against the influence of Bavaria he endeavored to contend by urging Alexander not to consent that a province on the left bank of the Rhine should be awarded to the ancient satellite of France. His most anxious desire was, however, the restoration of the Imperial dignity. The numerous German Princes and States who were excluded from the Committee were almost unanimous in support of the demand. Capo d'Istrias, at Stein's request, obtained a favorable answer from Alexander, and Metternich for a time appeared to hesitate in his refusal. The opposition of Prussia, however, could not be surmounted. Humboldt gave a conclusive answer to the proposal, by showing that the Imperial Crown would be a mere fiction unless powers were conferred on Austria, which her great rival would never concede.

The details of the negotiations are fully and clearly recorded by M. Pertz; but it is unnecessary to go more fully into the particulars. The Committee was unable to accomplish its task; but the great Powers had determined on the constitution of a federal system; and, after the recommencement of the French war, when the unity of Germany had become more than ever indispensable to their safety, they determined on the constitution which still exists. At the last moment, Metternich succeeded in reducing the article relating to representative government into a vague statement that a constitution of Estates should exist in the dominions of every member of the Confederacy. The imperfections of the compact which was finally adopted are to be attributed to the narrow policy of Austria, and to the selfishness of Bavaria and Wurtemberg. Prussia had throughout supported the introduction of an efficient system; and the smaller States, with scarcely an exception, were ready to make sacrifices for the restoration of a national unity in which they might have found security against their stronger neighbors. The assent of Hanover was combined with a vigorous protest against the imperfections of the compact, and with a declaration that the Prince Regent was induced to acquiesce by the consideration that the Federal Constitution at least offered no obstacle to the better government of his dominions.

Stein had left Vienna before the final adoption of the Federative Act; but he recorded his dissatisfaction in a memorandum which he presented to the Emperor Alexander. He had done his best to secure for his country the strength and unity which form the first conditions of independence. His memory has been attacked on the ground of his partiality to Prussia, and with more

plausibility on account of his foreign connection; but he had uniformly preferred the interests of Germany to the favor of the Czar; and, although he felt that the monarchy of Frederick the Great must be maintained and strengthened, he had not hesitated to urge the reëssumption by Austria of the Imperial Crown. His political position was in a high degree embarrassing. The policy of Alexander was no longer consistent with his views, and the recent disputes had separated him from Hardenberg and from Humboldt. At the conclusion of the Congress he found himself on comparatively friendly terms with Metternich, and even listened to proposals for assuming the Presidency of the Diet as Austrian plenipotentiary.

In the second and final settlement of Europe Stein had little share. Nearly two months had passed after the battle of Waterloo before he joined the assembled statesmen at Paris. He found the policy and mutual relations of the Four Powers greatly changed, with the exception that England in 1815, as in the previous year, steadily advocated a moderate course towards the defeated party. The first restoration had been effected by Alexander, the second was exclusively the work of Wellington. The conquering generals who entered Paris were both great soldiers; but the English commander-in-chief, as a great statesman, at once took the control of affairs out of the inexperienced hands of Blücher. Both Alexander and Metternich complained that the Duke had been precipitate in occupying Paris, and argued that Louis XVIII. should only have been recalled after the provisional government had submitted to the necessary sacrifices. The Czar, however, though at this time unfriendly to England, substantially concurred in the policy of Castlereagh and Wellington. The worn-out excitement of dilettante liberalism had given way in his mind to the religious mysticism which he imbibed from Madame Krudener. Ambition, as usual, was found compatible with his sentimental impulses. His love for constitutional freedom had secured the kingdom of Poland; zeal for Christianity might not improbably facilitate the dismemberment of Turkey. Capo d'Istria, now his principal adviser, openly avowing himself a Greek in feeling rather than a Russian, was apparently indignant at the transfer of his native Ionian Islands to the English protectorate, and eager to find future support for the Hellenic cause.* It was easy to foresee that England and Austria

would be jealous of Russian encroachments on Turkey; nor could the wildest imagination, in 1815, have anticipated Navarino. It seemed probable that France might aid the designs of the Czar by keeping England in check, and the sagacity of the able Corfiote was fully justified by the events of 1828. Alexander, therefore, steadily opposed, not only the wild schemes of zealots for the disruption of France into provinces, but the more plausible demands of Prussia for the restoration of Alsace and of the eastern fortresses to Germany. Stein, after his arrival in Paris, cordially supported the arguments of Hardenberg and of Humboldt, who proved to demonstration that Mazarin and Louis XIV. had aggrandized their power by unjustifiable means, and that France, after all her losses, would still be too strong for her neighbors. Count Münster induced the Prince Regent to express a similar opinion, and to intimate his disapprobation of the policy adopted by his ministers. The Duke of Wellington, however, was not to be moved. He declared his concurrence in the opinion that France would be still too strong, but he was not prepared to inaugurate the European peace by sowing the seeds of future war. It was his wish that the Bourbon monarchy should command popularity and respect; nor would his opinion have varied if he had foreseen, with Capo d'Istria and Pozzo di Borgo, the advantage which a French alliance might hereafter afford to the progress of Russian ambition. On the whole, the Second Peace of Paris does credit to the statesmanlike wisdom of those who framed it. The victor of Waterloo was the object of bitter indignation among German patriots, and for a generation he furnished the favorite theme for the scurrility of French libellers. His calm and passionless appreciation of the real interests of Europe may now perhaps be better understood.

With the peace of 1815 Stein's official life came to an end. After staying a month in Paris he took leave of the Emperor and proceeded to Frankfurt. Shortly afterwards he successively refused from Austria and Prussia the office of representing them in the Diet. Covered with decorations conferred by the allied sovereigns, universally respected and consulted by the supporters of German freedom, his latter years were spent in the pursuits of a wealthy country gentleman, strongly interested in public affairs, and actively engaged in the patronage of a great literary enterprise. In 1816 he exchanged his estate at Birnbaum for Cappenberg in Westphalia, and for the remainder of his life he took a warm interest in the affairs of the province where he had spent the best years of his youth. The long delay in the fulfilment of

* Yet at Vienna Capo d'Istria told Lord Castlereagh that, as an Ionian, he should prefer the protectorate of England to that of Russia. (*Castlereagh's Letters and Despatches*.)

the King's promise to give representative institutions to Prussia formed a constant source of annoyance to the retired statesman. A great part of his life was employed in projects for agitating the claims of the Westphalian Estates to the restoration of their ancient privileges. It must be admitted that during the continuance of the controversy Stein attached more and more weight to the aristocratic element in constitutional systems. There was no other existing legal right to set up against the despotism of kings and ministers; and although the Prussian police exhibited the meanness and folly of searching his letters for traces of connection with demagogues, Stein was at no period of his life a revolutionary innovator. It is equally absurd and unjust to connect his name with the modern unpopular proceedings of the Junker party in Prussia and Hanover. The German aristocracy of the present day are opposed not to despotism but to popular influence. The courtiers of Berlin and Hanover would be the first to denounce an independent opposition such as that which was carried on by Stein. His discontent with Hardenberg grew into open hostility as the minister became, with the advance of years, more indolent, reckless, and indifferent. In 1821 Niebuhr was gratified to find that his old chief, then on a visit to Rome, fully shared the antipathies which he had himself long entertained to the all-powerful Chancellor of State. In 1819, at the invitation of Alexander, Stein attended the Congress of Aix la Chapelle. In the same year he

mourned over the death of Blücher, with the remark, "The best thing one can do is to lie down on one side and die." Soon afterwards he suffered a heavier loss in the death of his wife; and although he made no change in his active occupations, it was remarked that he was thenceforward more constantly impressed by deep religious feelings. About the same time he founded a society for the publication of the early German historians, and pursued the undertaking with his characteristic energy. After an interval he was fortunate enough to secure the services of M. Pertz, who, as editor of the "*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*," formed the acquaintance with Stein, to which we are indebted for the present admirable work. The concluding volumes of the work, which have just been published, contain a pleasing picture of the serene dignity and unaffected piety of the close of Stein's life; but the historical portion of the memoir necessarily concludes with the Minister's active public career. No statesman of the present age has been so fortunate in a biographer; and it may be added that the writer is happy in the selection of a hero whose fortunes placed him in the centre of great events, and whose character was always equal to circumstances. Stein died, full of years and honors, on the 29th of June, 1831. Which of the surviving or succeeding statesmen of Germany has emulated his illustrious career, or done as much for the greatness, liberty, and independence of his country?

A COUSIN OF QUEEN ANNE. — Under this head, in my note-book, I have the following from *Annual Register*, 1772:

"Died, in Emanuel Hospital, near Tothill Fields, aged 108, Mrs. Wyndymore; she was second cousin to Queen Anne, and had been upwards of fifty years in that hospital."

Probably the relationship arose through the Hydes (?). — *Notes and Queries*.

A STABLE CONCERT. — M. de la Vieuville de Freneuse says, that being in Holland, in 1688, he went to see a villa of Milord Portland, and was struck with the sight of a very handsome gallery in his great stable. "At first," says he, "I concluded it was for the grooms to lie in;

but the master of the house told me that it was to give a concert to the horses once a week to cheer them, which they did, and the horses seemed to be greatly delighted therewith." — *Literary Gazette*.

EDWARD PENELL. Died, 1666.

"In soe little place doth lye
Virtue, goodness, loyalty;
One who in all relations stood,
And basest times, both true and good.
'Tis for noe common losse our teares are paid,
Here the best husband, father, friend is laid.

"Vixit post funera Virtus."

— *Notes and Queries*.

[The following beautiful stanzas are from the pen to which is to be credited the lines on Milton, beginning, “I am old and blind,” which received the rare compliment of being printed in the late Oxford edition of the writings of that great poet, as a supposed lately discovered poem of his own. We print now from a manuscript copy. — *Ed. Episcopal Recorder*.]

“WHY STAND YE GAZING UP INTO HEAVEN?” — ACTS 1: 11.

We are mourning! Boughs of cypress over-
shade our Christmas hearth;
Tear-drops gem the skirts of gladness; sorrow
clasps the hand of mirth;
Desolation’s sable garments trail across our
household floor;
Heralded by pain and sickness, death hath
crossed our threshold o’er!

We are lonely! From our couch one true heart
is called away;
From affliction’s clasping tendrils is removed
the prop and stay.
Round our fireside when we gather, saddened
memories take the place
Of our *father’s* tones of kindness, and his dear
familiar face.

Now the old arm-chair is empty, and the time-
worn Bible clasped,
With the marker folded in it, at the page he
opened last.
Daily walked he with his Saviour, daily from
his lips we heard
Precepts beautiful and precious, taught us from
God’s holy word.

Noble was his life’s example, upright-hearted
and sincere;
Firm when weaker hearts were shrinking, in
the truth devoid of fear;
Bold, where boldness is a virtue; steadfast in
upholding right;
Guided by the clear inshining of the true and
inward light.

So he lived, that when the summons came to
him which comes to all,
He was at his post of duty, watching on the
outer wall.
From afar he heard the trumpet, though our
listening ears were sealed;
From afar discerned death’s angel, to our vision
unrevealed.

“But a little while,” he murmured, “and life’s
closing scene will come.
Gracious Father, I am ready! wilt Thou take
my spirit home?
O Heart-searcher, I am nothing! Thou hast
been my strength and stay!
Where Thy voice of love has led me, I have fol-
lowed, day by day.”

But a little while we lingered round about his
dying bed,
Seeking now to soothe his anguish, now to prop
his weary head.

But affection’s ministrations may not stay the
enfranchised soul,
When its prison-bars are broken, and the gates
of pearl its goal!

Clasping in his own the dear hand of his loved
one yet again,
With a smile serene and holy, wearing not a
trace of pain; —
His pure spirit was borne upwards, to the sap-
phire throne of heaven,
Where the new name, and the white robe, and
the crown and harp are given.

Marvel not that we stand gazing! O, revealed
to mortal eyes
For a moment, seemed the opening of the gates
of Paradise.
Scents from vials full of odors blending with
the sounds which rolled
Outward, as of shining angels harping on their
harp of gold.

We are lonely — he is mingled with that count-
less angel throng!
We are weeping — he is joined with the seraph
hosts in song!
From his ransomed soul outpouring anthems
holy and sublime,
Through the everlasting ages, circling round the
orb of time.

We are *fatherless* and *widowed*, but our heav-
enly Father’s care
Has been as a living answer to his earnest voice
of prayer.
We are sitting ‘neath the cypress, but with saint
and seraphim,
By the tree of Life o’ershadowed, — O, we love
to think of him!

ENIGMA.

BY MISS CATHERINE FANSHAWE.

‘T WAS whispered in heaven, ‘t was muttered in
hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell:
On the confines of earth ‘t was permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence con-
fess’d;
‘T will be found in the sphere when ‘t is riven
asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the
thunder:
‘T was allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death,
Presides o’er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser ‘t is hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir:
It begins ev’ry hope, ev’ry wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs
is crown’d.
Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam;
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be
found,
Nor e’en in the whirlwind of passion be drown’d.
‘T will not soften the heart; but though deaf be
the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower;
O! breathe on it softly — it dies in an hour.

NEW ORLEANS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

THEIR houses are generally built of wood, and boarded very plain in the inside, and made very open, that there may be a free circulation of air; consequently they avoid all the inconvenience and expense of paper, carpets, fires, curtains, and hangings of different kinds. The bedrooms are fitted up in the same plain style, and are furnished with nothing but a *hard-stuffed* bed, raised very much in the *middle*, and covered with a clean, white sheet; and over the whole there is a large gauze net (called a *bar*), which is intended as a defence against the mosquitos, and serves tolerably well to keep off those tormenting creatures. On this sheet (spread upon the bed, and *under* the net) you lie down without any other covering, and (if it be summer-time) with the doors and windows open, so intolerable is the heat of the climate. During several days when I was here, the thermometer was at 117° in the shade. The dress of the inhabitants is also correspondent to the furniture of the houses: being clothed in the lightest manner possible, and every one in the manner which pleases him best, there is not (in these new countries) that strange propensity to ridicule every one who deviates from the forms which a more established society may have prescribed to itself; but every one, in this respect, "doeth that which is right in his own eyes." Some will wear the short linen jacket of the Americans; others, the long flowing gown, or the cloak of the Spaniards; some, the open trousers and naked collar; others, the more modern dress, of tight pantaloons and large cravats; some, with the white or black chip hat; others, with the beaver and *feathers*, after the manner of the Spaniards: and so in respect to all other minutiae of dress. . . . There is but one printing-press in this place, and that is made use of by the Government only. The Spanish Government is too jealous to suffer

the inhabitants to have the free exercise of it; for, however strange it may appear, yet it is absolutely true that you cannot even stick a paper against the wall (either to recover anything lost, or to advertise anything for sale) without its first having the signature of the governor or his secretary attached to it: and on all those little bills which are stuck up at the corners of the streets you see the word "Permitted" written by the governor or his agent. . . . As to the diversions of the place, they consist principally in billiards, of which there are several tables in the town. This practice I presume they have adopted from the Americans, who (in the southern part of that continent) follow this amusement very much. They have a playhouse, which is rather small. It consists of one row of boxes only, with an amphitheatre in the middle, which is raised above the pit, and over the whole there is a gallery. The plays are performed in French, and they have a tolerable set of actors. The inhabitants are also musical, but this lies chiefly among the French. The gentlemen of the place often perform in the orchestra at the theatre: in fact, there is no other music there but such as they obtain in this voluntary way. . . . New Orleans may contain about a thousand houses. It is one hundred miles from the sea, *down the Mississippi*; but across the country *by land* it is not more than seven leagues. Owing to the rapidity of the current, vessels are a long while in coming up here. There is a fort, called Balize, at the mouth of the river; but I am informed that it furnishes no defence to it. The tide ascends but very little way up the channel of the Mississippi, owing to the rapidity of its current. The banks of this river are well settled for a few miles below the city; but after that there are no plantations of any consequence. — *Bailey's Journal.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD. — The following may be depended upon. It was written by the girl's mother to her mistress, on the occasion of her complaints that she was bug-bitten at lodgings in Brighton, where the family was sojourning; but as the lodging-house-keeper was positive none existed, and none could be found, medical inspection was made, and a cutaneous complaint ascertained, owing to over-feeding of the complainant:

"Honred Maddam, —

"As I had a good education myself, I am

grieved for to sea in what manor witch our Sarey is bitt by the buggs. And it is my witch for she to slepe in the bed she always do, and not for to go for to slepe all round the beds in the house, for to fede all the buggs in Briton, Honred Maddam; witch is not rite, as you must no, nether oft she to be witched so to do. And so no more at present from,

"Honred Maddam,

"Your humble servant,

"S. GRIBBEL.

Notes and Queries.

"October 8."

From Household Words.

WAITER!

WHEN did it first occur to him to be a waiter? Was it ambition, accident, an adverse fate that made him one? Was he born a waiter, or did he achieve waiterhood, or was it thrust upon him? "Who first seduced him to the foul revolt?" Did he, straying one day, a child, into the great room of the London Tavern, and seeing the tables laid for a public dinner, fold his little arms and cry: "And I, too, am a waiter!" even as the Italian exclaimed: "Ed anch'è io son pittore!" How the deuce did he come to be a waiter?

John never brings me a tooth-pick; Thomas never whispers to me (with as much secrecy and grave mystery as if he were communicating the last on dit about the Paris Conference), the degree of cut—prime, or rather low, which the veal or pork is in; Alphonse never asks me with a suavity—worthy of the ancien régime—whether I will take cream to my coffee; William never cries, "Yessr!"—Charles, "Coming;" James never shrieks down the speaking-tube that communicates with the kitchen, without a flood of queries pouring in upon me. I am naturally inquisitive, and the waiter is to me such a mystery that I always feel inclined to ask him to sit down opposite to me when I have paid my reckoning, and talk to me. I should like to draw the waiter out, to learn his past history—to know his secrets, if he has any—to gather his statistics—to know what he thinks of me, and of the other customers. But how can I do this, and what time has the waiter to converse with me, when the old gentleman in the next box is clamoring for his whiskey, and the red-headed man in the Gordon plaid has called for a welsh rabbit in so loud a tone that his next move seems not unlike to be that of rushing to my table and dragging the waiter away from me by the hair of his head?

A chapter might be written upon the impatient men who are irascible and hard upon waiters. I like to be gentle with them. If they do not bring what I want on the instant, they are at least books to me which I can read and meditate upon; and the only punishment I ever inflict on a neglectful or uncivil waiter is to ask him for a cigar-light, make him a low bow, and showing him twopence, inform him that I intend to present it

to the waiter at the Hen and Chickens Hotel at Birmingham, whither I am bound by the night mail, instead of to him. He feels this severely. He would, were he malicious, unwait upon me; but he can't; my dinner is gone and past; so all he can do is to overcharge the next customer, which is no business of mine, or to retire to his pantry and repent, which is better. But I know men—I am sure they are tyrants at home; bully their servants, pester their wives, and beat their children—who seem to take a delight in harassing, badgering, objugating the waiter: setting pitfalls in the reckoning that he may stumble, and giving him confused orders that he may trip himself up. These are the men who call in the landlords, and demand the waiter's instant dismissal because their mutton-chop has a curly tail; these are the pleasant fellows who threaten to write to the *Times*, because the cayenne pepper won't come out of the castor. These are the jocund companions who quarrel with the cabmen, and menace them with ruin and the treadmill. I never had a fracas with a cabman in my life; and once, when the driver of a dashing Hansom told me confidently that the fare from the White Horse Cellar to Kensington Turnpike would be four shillings, I poked him in the ribs, telling him he was a droll fellow; whereupon he, seeing the humor of the thing, drove me cheerily to the palace-gates for a shilling.

The association of cabmen and waiters suggests to me a question over which I have long pondered. What do they say of their fares and their customers after they are departed. Do they talk about them at all? I think they do. A philosopher whom I knew, found out, after much research, a cabaret in Paris which was the special resort of the cab-drivers after their hours of labor. He was of the incredulous, and thought the men with the glazed hats and the red waistcoats would confine themselves to discourse upon the hardness of the times, the smallness of the fares, the badness of the roads, the capacity of their horses, or the dearthness of oats; or, at most, that over the alcoholic results of their pour-boires they would discuss literature, the drama, politics, or the share-market. But he was agreeably disappointed. The conversation ran almost entirely upon the persons they had driven during the day. Chip bonnets and green mantles trimmed with fur,

were commented upon; the stout man with the five heavy bundles tied up in silk handkerchiefs, and which jingled as he took them out of the cab, was reckoned up; bets were laid about the sallow man with the blue-black beard, whose left wrist was bound up in linen, whose face was covered with scratches, who hired the cab at the top of the Rue du Temple, and was set down at the Havre Railway-station; stopping the vehicle five times during the journey, as if to alight, and changing his mind each time. Heads were shaken gravely when a red-nosed driver told of how, inspecting the interior of his cab after the sallow man's departure, he had found three cigars, of which a finger's-breadth had scarcely been smoked, but which were all pulled and gnawed to pieces; and how on the window-strap he had discovered five deep, dull, brownish-red marks like those of fingers. Histories were woven and strung together from fragments of letters and broken flowers that had been left on the cushion, by veiled ladies; from old men with eyes red as with weeping; from boys who had told the cabman to drive anywhere for three hours, and had paid him thrice his fare; from destinations countermanded, and orders to drive slowly, and blinds that had been drawn down, and check-strings broken. What but this: love, crime, sorrow, felicity, were eliminated from these seemingly uninteresting proceedings of persons the driver had scarcely seen, and who had jumped in and out of his carriage, paid their one franc ten, or seventy-five centimes, and gone on their way, never to be seen again by him in this world.

When the spoons are to be counted, the gratuity-halfpence reckoned, the napkins verified, and the check-balance struck at night; when the gas is turned down, and the legs of the mahogany tables turned up, like those of lazy dogs; when the tired cook emerges from the lower regions, and, wiping her hot face, essays to forget that such things as chop and 'tater or steak well done can be; when the last customer has vanished, and the waiters have their suppers (I would give something to see a waiter sup), then you may be sure the tide of conversation turns on the customers of the past day. Then you and I and all the world of customers are brought before the *vehmgericht* of the Saladin's Coffee-house. Then our liberality and our meanness, our habit of choking over our soup, and method

of brewing our punch, the handles of our umbrellas, the cut of our *paletôts*, are all weighed, and noted, and commented upon. Moles, and bats, and deaf adders that we are, we imagine that yonder man in the white neckcloth has neither eyes to see nor ears to hear, and that he is content to bring us our dinners and take our twopences without further question. Why, he knows all about us. We sit in a box and talk, as though we were in a padded chamber; but there is an ear of Dionysius by every coffee-room bell. The waiter is aware of us. How we went into the City to-day, and could n't meet that party who is to cash the little bill; how we don't mind telling Tom, in the strictest confidence, that Jack is an infernal scoundrel; how we are madly in love with Emily; how we like coming to the Saladin Coffee-house, because that ruffianly Mopus never comes there (Mopus dines at the Saladin every day); how the waiter has not the slightest idea whom we are. Moles and bats! the waiter often knows our tailors, our washerwomen, and the exact amount of our incomes. He knows, when a customer tells him that he has left his purse at home, and that he will settle that little matter next time, how far the customer is trustworthy. Men who pass the major portions of their lives in spying into other men's affairs, think stupidly that their own actions are quite concealed and secret, and that the rest of the world is indifferent to them. Error. Our most secret doings, nay, what we imagine to be our inmost thoughts, are often the open talk and jeer of hundreds of people with whom we have never interchanged a word. That more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows, is, though at once a truism and a vulgarism, a profound and philosophic axiom. Despire not the waiter, for he may know you thoroughly. Be careful what you do or say, for there are hundreds of machicolated crevices in every dead wall, whence spyglasses are pointed at you; and the sky above is darkened with little birds, eager to carry matters concerning you. *Dio ti vede* (God sees thee) they write on the walls in Italy. A man's own heart should tell him this; but his common sense should tell him likewise that men are also always regarding him: that the streets are full of eyes, the walls of ears. I should like some self-sufficient cheap dandy to know how contemptible and ridicu-

lous he is to hundreds whom he thinks admire him; how the secret of his jewellery is revealed and scoffed at, and his second-hand clothes are appraised, and his carefully-concealed garret is notorious. I should like some self-righteous Pharisee to know how transparent and loathsome his hypocrisy is, how his oleaginous smile deceives no one, how his secret cozenings, his occult vices are divulged and bruited about, how men shrink from the pressure of his fat clammy hand. Should I like everybody to know how much that is bad and mean and vile and contemptible the rest of the world know about them, how poorly they talk and think of their fellows? No, it would be intolerable. Psha! never mind what people say of you; or rather, take you care that you give them no cause to speak ill of you. Then, if they persist in calumny, laugh, or go bravely out and give them all the lie.

Being myself (or endeavoring, I dare say wrongfully, to persuade myself that I am) of the same way of thinking as that jovial miller who had his residence on the banks of the River Dee—caring not much for anybody, and attributing a similar feeling towards myself to the majority of my acquaintances—the personal opinion of the waiter does not distress me much: and I am enabled to concentrate all my inquisitive faculties upon him. Yet I am at once at issue with the jolly miller, for I care a great deal for the waiter. I want to know so much about him. Why his name in England is never Christopher, Francis (the last waiter of that name dates from Henry the Fourth's time), Frederick, or Eugene; and why, in France, he should never be John or Thomas, but Alphonse, Antoine, Auguste? An English waiting Anthony or Augustus would be unbearable. How about the waiter's home, too,—how about his wife, his children? Do they wear white neckcloths, and carry napkins over their arms? Do they ever play at waiters? I know the undertaker's children play at funerals; the entire nation of French children play at soldiers; I have seen children play at ships, at school; I have been told, though I do not credit it, that brokers' children play at distraining for rent; but do the infant Johns and Charleses play at Yes'r, and Coming? Do they imitate in their baby manner the footstep swift but stealthy?—the waiters' wonderful lingering about a table, as if

something were wanted when nothing is wanted, and which prompts you at last to order in desperation something you do not want? the whisking away of crumbs, the mystic rubbing of the hands, the sudden appearance, as if from a stage shooting-trap, in unexpected places? the banalities of waitorial conversation about the weather; the long time that has elapsed since he had the pleasure of seeing you; and the gentleman in the left-hand corner box, who drank three bottles of port every night, regular, for thirty years, always gave the waiter ninepence when he went away; and, dying worth a mint of money, left it to a "horsespittle."

But a graver question is evoked by this. Is waiting an art and mystery? Have young waiters to serve an apprenticeship to it, as to other crafts, or is it self-taught, spontaneously acquired? I incline to the latter solution. A young waiter—a boy waiter, I mean—is simply a young bear that no amount of licking will bring into shape. I can recall now a horrible eidolon of a young cub of a boy waiter who officiated in a Westmoreland inn. I shall never forget his atrocious red head, his mottled face (something like the tablets of compressed vegetable soup), his flapping ears, the huge encircling collar that made his head look like an ugly bowpot, the fixed grin, half-idiotic half-sardonic, that distorted his gashed mouth. He was a very Briareus of left hands; he stamped on your corners in handing you the salt; he spilt gravy over your linen; he never came when he was wanted; he knew nothing, neither the day of the month, nor the name of the next house, nor the time for the train to start. He fought with the boots, and had his ears boxed by the cook, and whenever you entered your bedroom you were sure to find him there, contemplating your portmanteau or your dressing-case with the same horrible grin. I have met scores of these oaves, miscalled waiters, in my travels. A little girl, now, can wait with exquisite neatness and dexterity. She grows up at last into neat-handed Phillis, with the smile, the ringlets, and the ribbons, who waits on you in pleasant country-town inns; but of the young waiter my fixed impression is that he grows up a young carter, or a young navigator, or a young hippopotamus—which he is. You can train the boy you have in chambers to wait decently at table, because you can throw books and clothes-

brushes at him, and stand over him with a bootjack while he lays the cloth; but what good ever came out of a boy in buttons, a footpage, in the waiting line? He breaks the crockery, he ruins the table-cloth; his fingers are in every made dish, and in every jam-tart; and he very frequently runs off, buttons and all, taking with him the silver spoons and any inconsidered trifles in the way of clothes or loose cash that he can lay his awkward hands upon. Do these hobbledehoys ever become waiters? It cannot be so. Nor do I believe in the existence of any training-school for these servitors. I never heard of such an educational institution, where the tie of the neckcloth and the twist of the side-curl were taught; where lessons were given in the art of plate-carrying, beer out-pouring, or table-laying; or where sucking waiters received instruction in that mysterious system of arithmetic—not, decidedly, according to Cocker, but pursuant to the directions of some tavern Walkingame, in whose problems fourteen pence become one-and-fourpence, and twenty pence one-and-tenpence.

Whence, then, do waiters come? My theory is, that the grub or chrysalis state of the waiter is that anomalous being known as the "young man." The young man, mostly with long, lank hair, and in desperately threadbare black clothes, who is always in want of employment; who is continually calling on you at breakfast time, to beg you to get him "something to do;" who is willing to do anything; but who, on being put through a *vivâ voce* examination as to his capabilities, is generally found unable to do anything. If you suggest copying, you find that he has not paid much attention to his handwriting; indeed, his calligraphy suggests nothing half so much as the skating of an intoxicated sweep over a sheet of ice. If you recommend emigration, ten to one the "young man" has already made a voyage to Port Phillip or Natal, and found it "did n't suit him." You ask him whether he has been brought up to any trade, and he answers radiantly that he has served part of his time as a music-smith, and is immediately clamorous for employment in that line, looking quite reproachfully upon you if you do not set him at once to work in hammering trombones and forging triangles. Your friends and relatives in the country are embarrassingly addicted to sending you young men of this description.

I remember one who brought me a letter of introduction in which the writer modestly threw out a hint that I might perhaps find an opening on the press for young Noseworthy—which was the young man's name. I have a panacea for ridding myself of these young men. I give them a letter to the stage-manager of some theatre royal, with a view to obtaining an engagement in the noble corps of the supors; and young Noseworthy either subsides into a peaceable crusader, peasant, Italian noble, or halberdier, or else he is so rebuffed and browbeaten, and ordered off, and hustled at stage-doors, and by the janitors thereof, that his nose is quite put out of joint, his spirit broken, and he troubles me no more. All, however, do not enjoy the possession of such a young man's best safety-valve; and even I have found the experiment fail in one or two instances; the young man, unsuccessful as a super, having called on me thirteen mornings running to tell me that he has not yet seen Mr. Buckstone. One Phillips haunted me in this manner for months. He knew the outside of every theatre in London. He used to appear at my bedside in the morning with my shaving water. He came at last to criticize the performances—from the playbills—and attained, at last, such a pitch of depravity as to ask for theatrical orders. By this, however, he at once assumed a hostile position, sinking from the comparatively harmless young man into the noxious and abhorred order-hunter, and, as my mode of dealing with that horrible plague is very sharp and speedy, Phillips very soon saw the last of my door-mat, and was at liberty thenceforth to contemplate the outside of my street-door—inside thereof, he never passed more. The young man lodges at a coffee-shop, and is always looking into Mr. Ackerman's and Mr. Graves' windows. Sometimes he is advertised for to come forward and give testimony to an unprovoked assault upon an elderly gentleman of which he has been a witness. How long he remains in this transition state I do not know; but he suddenly casts his skin and starts up a full-blown butterfly of a waiter. This is, of course, but speculation; but I think it is true. Either he does this, or he enlists—no; he is too weak in the legs for that—or he becomes a mute.

Wherever and however he picks up his education you find the waiter in the posses-

sion of many accomplishments. He can always read and write passably. He knows the railway time-bill by 'art'; he has a prodigious memory; he balances plates and dishes with the agility of a juggler; and if his rhetoric be not classical, it is at least fluent and sustained. Finally, I may observe,

that there are three classes of waiter types, each possessing special characteristics — putty-faced waiters, who are servile and fawning; whiskered waiters, who are tall, solemn, and generally rise into landlords; baldheaded waiters, who are patronizingly friendly, and excellent judges of wine.

TENNYSON AND JEREMY TAYLOR. — It may be interesting to the admirers of Tennyson to compare the stanzas in VI.:

"O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
That pledgedst now thy gallant son,
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

"O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor — while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shot hammock shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave."

with a passage from p. 5. of Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Dying*. He quotes from Petronius the account of a man who had been shipwrecked, who sees on the shore a corpse floated towards it. How that —

"It cast him into some sad thoughts; that peradventure this man's wife in some part of the Continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or it may be his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs; a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dash'd in pieces the fortunes of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident, are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck." — *Notes and Queries*.

"MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN." — (Normal) marriages being so innocent of all premeditation by *man*, can only be ascribed to the will of "the angel" espoused, or to fate, in either case (for "ce qui femme veut, Dieu le veut") to the will of heaven. After marriage, another sense may appear in the saying, viz. that expressed in the words of St. Francis de Sales: "Marriage is a state of continual mortification;" and hence a sacrament for human salvation. Again, in suggesting the meaning of this phrase, we are led to the well-known beautiful myth of Plato (*Banquet*, § 18, Bohn's edit.); according to which, in a true marriage, the two counterparts have met by

destiny, and form a perfect *homo*. The account in Genesis (chap. II., end), is not to a dissimilar effect. In this view, marriages are of those "whom God has joined" only (Mark 10: 9). In a literal sense, the phrase in question clearly expresses an impossibility; since in heaven are no marriages (Matt. 22: 30), according to the usual interpretation; though some may take refuge in the beautiful evasion of Swedenborg — who says that, in the next world, the married couple will become one angel.

In a dialogue of proverbs (a work yet to be written), the one under consideration would meet with this rejoinder: "If marriages are made in heaven, you had but few friends there" (Bohn's *Proverbs*, p. 416). This is *earth versus heaven*; the proverb against the *verb*.

J. P.

Had not this saying an *astrological* foundation? Sir Kenelm Digby says of his own marriage:

"In the first place, it giveth me occasion to acknowledge and admire the high and transcendent operations of the celestial bodies, which, containing and moving about the universe, send their influence every way and to all things; and who, although they take not away the liberty of free agents, yet do so strongly, though at the first secretly and insensibly, work upon their spiritual part by means of the corporeal, that they get the mastery before they are perceived; and then it is too late to make any resistance. For from what other cause could proceed this strong knot of affection, which, being tied in tender years, before any mutual obligations could help to confirm it, could not be torn asunder by long absence, the austerity of parents, other pretenders, false rumors, and other the greatest difficulties and oppositions that could come to blast the budding blossoms of an infant love, that hath since brought forth so fair flowers and so mature fruit? Certainly the stars were at the least the first movers," &c. — *Private Memoirs of Sir K. Digby*, 1827, pp. 10, 11.

The stars have been said to be the cause, not only of matrimonial engagements, but also of their breach:

"... When weak women go astray,
The stars are more in fault than they."

— *Notes and Queries*.

CHAPTER II.

I GAVE my orders to the colorman and settled matters with my friend the artist that day. The next morning, before the hour at which I expected my sitter, having, just now as much interest in the life of Lady Malkinshaw as Mr. Batterbury had in her death, I went to make kind inquiries after her ladyship's health. The answer was most reassuring. Lady Malkinshaw was quite well; and was, at that very moment, meritoriously and heartily engaged in eating her breakfast. My prospects being now of the best possible kind, I felt encouraged to write once more to my father, telling him of my fresh start in life, and proposing a renewal of our acquaintance. I regret to say that he was so rude as not to answer my letter.

Mr. Batterbury was punctual to the moment. He gave a gasp of relief when he beheld me, full of life, with my palette on my thumb, gazing fondly on my new canvas. "That's right!" he said. "I like to see you with your mind composed. Annabella would have come with me; but she has a little head-ache this morning. She sends her love and best wishes."

I seized my chalks and began with that confidence in myself which has never forsaken me in any emergency. Being perfectly well aware of the absolute dependence of the art of portrait-painting on the art of flattery, I determined to start with making the mere outline of my likeness a compliment to my sitter. It was much easier to resolve on doing this than really to do it. In the first place, my hand would relapse into its wicked old caricaturing habits. In the second place, my brother-in-law's face was so inveterately and completely ugly as to set every artifice of pictorial improvement at flat defiance. When a man has a nose an inch long, with the nostrils set perpendicularly, it is impossible to flatter it,—you must either change it into a fancy nose, or resignedly acquiesce in it. When a man has no perceptible eyelids, and when his eyes globularly project so far out of his head that you expect to have to pick them up for him whenever you see him lean forward, how are mortal fingers and brushes to diffuse the right complimentary expression over them? You must either do them the most hideous and complete justice, or give them up altogether. The late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A., was undoubtedly the most artful and uncompromising flatterer that ever smoothed out all the natural characteristic blemishes from a sitter's face; but even that accomplished parasite would have found Mr. Batterbury too much for him, and would have been driven, for the first time in his practise of

art, to the uncustomary and uncourtly resource of absolutely painting a genuine likeness.

As for me, I put my trust in Lady Malkinshaw's power of living, and portrayed the face of Mr. Batterbury in all its native horror. At the same time, I sensibly guarded against even the most improbable accidents, by making him pay me the fifty pounds as we went on, by instalments. We had ten sittings. Each one of them began with a message from Mr. Batterbury, giving me Annabella's love and apologies for not being able to come and see me. Each one of them ended with an argument between Mr. Batterbury and me relative to the transfer of five pounds from his pocket to mine. I came off victorious on every occasion—being backed by the noble behavior of Lady Malkinshaw, who abstained from tumbling down, and who ate and drank, and slept, and grew lusty for three weeks together. Venerable woman! She put fifty pounds into my pocket. I shall think of her with gratitude and respect to the end of my days.

One morning, while I was sitting before my completed portrait, inwardly shuddering over the ugliness of it, a suffocating smell of musk was wafted into the studio; it was followed by a sound of rustling garments; and that again was succeeded by the personal appearance of my affectionate sister, with her husband at her heels. Annabella had got to the end of her stock of apologies, and had come to see me.

She put her handkerchief to her nose the moment she entered the room. "How do you do, Frank? Don't kiss me: you smell of paint, and I can't bear it."

I felt a similar antipathy to the smell of musk, and had not the slightest intention of kissing her; but I was too gallant a man to say so; and I only begged her to favor me by looking at her husband's portrait.

Annabella glanced all round the room, with her handkerchief still at her nose, and gathered her magnificent silk dress close about her superb figure with her disengaged hand. "What a horrid place!" she said faintly behind her handkerchief. "Can't you take some of the paint away? I'm sure there's oil on the floor. How am I to get past that nasty table with the palette on it? Why can't you bring the picture down to the carriage, Frank?" Advancing a few steps, and looking suspiciously about her while she spoke, her eyes fell on the chimney-piece. An eau-de-cologne bottle stood upon it, which she took up immediately with a languishing sigh.

It contained turpentine for washing brushes in. Before I could warn her, she had sprinkled herself absently with half the con-

tents of the bottle. In spite of all the musk that now filled the room, the turpentine betrayed itself almost as soon as I cried "Stop!" Annabella, with a shriek of disgust, flung the bottle furiously into the fireplace. Fortunately it was summer-time, or I might have had to echo the shriek with a cry of Fire!

"You wretch! you brute! you low, mischievous, swindling blackguard!" cried my amiable sister, shaking her skirts with all her might, "you have done this on purpose! Don't tell me! I know you have. What do you mean by pestering me to come to this dog-kennel of a place?" she continued, turning fiercely upon the partner of her existence and legitimate receptacle of all her superfluous wrath. "What do you mean by bringing me here, to see how you have been swindled? Yes, sir, swindled! He has no more idea of painting than you have. He has cheated you out of your money. If he was starving to-morrow he would be the last man in England to make away with himself, — he is too great a wretch — he is too vicious — he is too lost to all sense of respectability — he is too much of a discredit to his family. Take me away! Give me your arm directly. I told you not to go near him from the first. This is what comes of your horrid fondness for money. What is three thousand pounds to you? My dress is ruined. My shawl's spoilt. *He die!* If the old woman lives to the age of Methuselah, he won't die. Give me your arm. No! Go to my father. My nerves are torn to pieces. I'm giddy, faint, sick — sick, Mr. Batterbury! I want advice. Give me your arm. Go to my father. Take me away. Call the carriage." Here she became hysterical, and vanished, leaving a mixed odor of musk and turpentine behind her, which preserved the memory of her visit for nearly a week afterwards.

"Another scene in the drama of my life seems likely to close in before long," thought I. "No chance now of getting my amiable sister to patronize struggling genius. Do I know of anybody else who will sit to me? No, not a soul. Having thus no portraits of other people to paint, what is it my duty, as a neglected artist, to do next? Clearly to take a portrait of myself."

I did so, making my own likeness quite a pleasant relief to the ugliness of my brother-in-law's. It was my intention to send both portraits to the Royal Academy Exhibition, to get custom, and show the public generally what I could do. I knew the institution with which I had to deal, and called my own likeness, *Portrait of a Nobleman*. That dexterous appeal to the tenderest feelings of my distinguished countrymen very nearly succeeded. The portrait of Mr. Batterbury

(much the more carefully painted picture of the two) was summarily turned out. The *Portrait of a Nobleman* was politely reserved to be hung up, if the Royal Academicians could possibly find room for it. They could not. So that picture also vanished back into the obscurity of the artist's easel. Weak and well-meaning people would have desponded under these circumstances; but your genuine Rogue is a man of elastic temperament, not easily compressible under any pressure of disaster. I sent the portrait of Mr. Batterbury to the house of that distinguished patron, and the *Portrait of a Nobleman* to the pawnbroker's. After this I had plenty of elbow-room in the studio, and could walk up and down briskly, smoking my pipe, and thinking about what I should do next.

I had observed that the generous friend and vagabond brother artist, whose lodger I now was, never seemed to be in absolute want of money; and yet the walls of his studio informed me that nobody bought his pictures. There hung all his great works, rejected by the Royal Academy, and neglected by the patrons of Art; and there, nevertheless, was he, blithely plying the brush among them, not rich, it is true, but certainly never without money enough in his pocket for the supply of all his modest wants. Where did he find his resources? I determined to ask him the question the very next time he came to the studio.

"Dick," said I (we called each other by our Christian names), "where do you get your money?"

"Frank," said he, "what makes you ask that question?"

"Necessity," I replied. "My stock of money is decreasing, and I don't know how to replenish it. My pictures have been turned out of the exhibition-rooms; nobody comes to sit to me; I can't make a farthing; and I must try another line in the Arts, or leave your studio. We are old friends now. I've paid you honestly week by week; and if you can oblige me, I think you ought. You earn money somehow. Why can't I?"

"Are you at all particular?" asked Dick.

"Not in the least!" said I.

Dick nodded, and looked pleased; handed me my hat, and put on his own.

"You are just the sort of man I like," said he, "and I would sooner trust you than anyone else I know. You ask how I contrive to earn money, seeing that all my pictures are still in my own possession. My dear fellow, whenever my pockets are empty, and I want a ten-pound note to put into them, I make an *Old Master*."

I stared hard at him, not at all quite understanding what he meant.

"The *Old Master* I can make best," con-

tinued Dick, "is Claude Lorraine, whom you may have heard of occasionally as a famous painter of classical landscapes. I don't exactly know (he has been dead so long) how many pictures he turned out, from first to last; but we will say, for the sake of argument, five hundred. Not five of these are offered for sale, perhaps, in the course of five years. Enlightened collectors of old pictures pour into the market by fifties, while specimens of Claude, or of any other Old Master you like to mention, only dribble in by ones and twos. Under these circumstances, what is to be done? Are uncircumventing owners of galleries to be subjected to disappointment? Or are the works of Claude, and the other fellows, to be benevolently increased in number, to supply the wants of persons of taste and quality? No man of humanity but must lean to the latter alternative. The collectors, observe, don't know anything about it—they buy Claude (to take an instance from my own practice) as they buy all the other Old Masters, because of his reputation, not because of the pleasure they get from his works. Give them a picture with a good large ruin, fancy trees, prancing nymphs, and a watery sky; dirty it down dexterously to the right pitch; put it in an old frame; call it a Claude; and the sphere of the Old Master is enlarged, the collector is delighted, the picture-dealer is enriched, and the neglected modern artist claps a joyful hand on a well-filled pocket. Some men have a nack at making Rembrandts, others have a turn for Raphaels, Titians, Cuyps, Watteaus, and the rest of them. Any how, we are all made happy—all pleased with each other—all benefited alike. Kindness is propagated, and money is dispersed. Come along, my boy, and make an Old Master!"

He led the way into the street, as he spoke. I felt the irresistible force of his logic. I sympathized with the ardent philanthropy of his motives. I burned with a noble ambition to extend the sphere of the Old Masters. In short, I took the tide at the flood, and followed Dick.

We plunged into some by-streets, struck off sharp into a court, and entered a house by a back-door. A little old gentleman in a black velvet dressing-gown met us in the passage. Dick instantly presented me: "Mr. Frank Softly—Mr. Ishmael Pickup." The little old gentleman stared at me distrustfully. I bowed to him with that inexorable politeness which I first learnt under the instructive fist of Gentleman Jones, and which no force of adverse circumstances has ever availed to mitigate in after life. Mr. Ishmael Pickup followed my lead. There is not the least need to describe him—he was a Jew.

"Go into the front show-room, and look at

the pictures, while I speak to Mr. Pickup," said Dick, familiarly throwing open a door, and pushing me into a kind of gallery beyond. I found myself quite alone, surrounded by modern-antique pictures of all schools and sizes, of all degrees of dirt and dulness, with all the names of all the famous Old Masters from Titian to Teniers, inscribed on their frames. A "pearly little gem," by Claude, with a ticket marked "Sold," stuck into the frame, particularly attracted my attention. It was Dick's last ten-pound job; and it did credit to the youthful master's abilities as a workman-like maker of Claudes.

I have been informed that, since the time of which I am writing, the business of gentlemen of Mr. Pickup's class has rather fallen off, and that there are dealers in pictures, now-a-days, who are as just and honorable men as can be found in any profession or calling, anywhere under the sun. This change, which I report with sincerity and reflect on with amazement, is, as I suspect, mainly the result of certain wholesale modern improvements in the position of contemporary Art, which have necessitated improvements and alterations in the business of dealing. In my time, the encouragers of modern painting were limited in number to a few noblemen and gentlemen of ancient lineage, who, in matters of taste, at least, never presumed to think for themselves. They either inherited or bought a gallery more or less full of old pictures. It was as much a part of their education to put their faith in these on hearsay evidence, as to put their faith in King, Lords and Commons. It was an article of their creed to believe that the dead painters were the great men, and that, the more the living painters imitated the dead, the better was their chance of becoming at some future day, and in a minor degree, great also. At certain times and seasons, these noblemen and gentlemen self-distrustfully strayed into the painting-room of a modern artist, self-distrustfully allowed themselves to be rather attracted by his pictures, self-distrustfully bought one or two of them at prices which would appear so incredibly low, in these days, that I really cannot venture to quote them. The picture was sent home; the nobleman or gentleman (almost always an amiable and a hospitable man) would ask the artist to his house and introduce him to the distinguished individuals who frequented it; but would never admit his picture, on terms of equality, into the society even of the second-rate Old Masters. His work was hung up in any out-of-the-way corner of the gallery that could be found; it had been bought under protest; it was admitted by sufferance; its freshness and brightness damaged it terribly by contrast with the dirtiness and the dinginess of its

elderly predecessors; and its only points selected for praise, were those in which it most nearly resembled the peculiar mannerism of some Old Master, not those in which it resembled the characteristics of the old mistress — Nature. The unfortunate artist had no court of appeal that he could turn to. Nobody beneath the nobleman, or the gentleman of ancient lineage, so much as thought of buying a modern picture. Nobody dared to whisper that the Art of painting had in any wise been improved or worthily enlarged in its sphere by any modern professors; for one nobleman who was ready to buy one genuine modern picture at a small price, there were twenty noblemen ready to buy twenty more than doubtful old pictures at great prices. The consequence was, that some of the most famous artists of the English school, whose pictures are now bought at auction sales for fabulous prices, were then hardly able to make an income. They were a scrupulously patient and squeamishly conscientious body of men, who would as soon have thought of breaking into a house, or equalizing the distribution of wealth on the highway, by the simple machinery of a horse and pistol, as of making Old Masters to order. They sat resignedly in their lonely studios, surrounded by unsold pictures which have since been covered again and again with gold and bank-notes by eager buyers at auctions and show-rooms, whose money has gone into other than the painter's pockets: who have never dreamed that the painter had the smallest moral right to a farthing of it. Year after year, they still stood up invincibly, palette in hand, fighting the old invariable battle of individual merit against contemporary dullness — fighting bravely, patiently, independently; and leaving to Mr. Pickup and his pupils a complete monopoly of all the profit which could be extracted, in their line of business, from the feebly-buttoned pocket of the patron, and the inexhaustible credulity of the connoisseur.

Now all this is changed. Traders and makers of all kinds of commodities have effected a revolution in the picture-world, never dreamt of by the noblemen and gentlemen of ancient lineage, and consistently protested against to this day by the very few of them who still remain alive. The daring innovators started with the new notion of buying a picture which they themselves could admire and appreciate, and for the genuineness of which the artist was still living to vouch. These rough and ready customers were not to be led by rules or frightened by precedents. They were not to be easily imposed upon, for the article they wanted was not to be easily counterfeited. Sturdily holding to their own opinions, they

thought incessant repetitions of Saints, Martyrs, and Holy Families, monotonous and uninteresting, — and said so. They thought little pictures of ugly Dutchwomen scouring pots, and drunken Dutchmen playing cards, dirty and dear at the price, — and said so. They saw that trees were green in nature, and brown in the Old Masters, and they thought the latter color not an improvement on the former, — and said so. They wanted interesting subjects; variety, resemblance to nature; genuineness of the article, and fresh paint; they had no ancestors whose feelings, as founders of galleries, it was necessary to consult; no critical gentlemen and writers of valuable works to snub them when they were in spirits; nothing to lead them by the nose but their own shrewdness, their own interests, and their own tastes — so they turned their backs valiantly on the Old Masters, and marched off in a body to the living men. From that time good modern pictures have risen in the scale; even as articles of commerce and safe investments for money, they have now (as some disinterested collectors who dine at certain annual dinners I know of, can testify) distanced the old pictures in the race. The modern painters who have survived the brunt of the battle, have lived to see pictures for which they once asked hundreds, selling for thousands, and the young generation making incomes by the brush in one year, which it would have cost the old heroes of the easel ten to accumulate. The posterity of Mr. Pickup still do a tolerable stroke of business (making bright modern masters for the market which is glutted with the dingy old material) and will, probably, continue to thrive and multiply in the future; the one venerable institution of this world which we can safely count upon as likely to last, being the institution of human folly. Nevertheless, if a wise man of the reformed taste wants a modern picture, there are places for him to go to now where he may be sure of getting it genuine; where, if the artist is not alive to vouch for his work, the facts at any rate have not had time to die which vouch for the dealer who sells it. In my time matters were rather different. The painters we thrived by had died long enough ago for pedigrees to get confused, and identities disputable; and if I had been desirous of really purchasing a genuine Old Master for myself — speaking as a practical man — I don't know where I should have gone to ask for one, or whose judgment I could have safely relied on to guard me from being cheated, before I bought it.

But while I am tracing (in outline) the progress of the wonderful Art-revolution of these modern times, I am forgetting the calm

and corrupt days of old, and leaving myself unnoticed in Mr. Ishmael Pickup's Gallery of Art. Let me resume the unrolling of the various folds of my narrative—let the Rogue return to the business of roguery.

I was left for some time alone in the manufactory of Old Masters before my friend rejoined me. When he at last opened the door of the gallery he approached me confidentially, and spoke in a mysterious whisper.

"Pickup is suspicious," said he; "and I have had all the difficulty in the world to pave your way smoothly for you at the outset. However, if you can contrive to make a small Rembrandt, as a specimen, until further notice. I am obliged to particularize Rembrandt, because he is the only Old Master disengaged at present. The professional gentleman who used to do him died the other day in the Fleet—he had a turn for Rembrandts, and can't be easily replaced. Do you think you could step into his shoes? It's a peculiar gift, like an ear for music, or a turn for mathematics. Of course you will be put up to the simple elementary rules, and will have the professional gentleman's last Rembrandt as a guide; the rest depends, my dear friend, on your powers of imitation. Don't be discouraged by failures, but try again and again; and mind you are dirty and dark enough. You have heard a great deal about the light and shade of Rembrandt—remember always that, in your case, light means dusky yellow, and shade dense black; remember that, and—"

"No pay," said the voice of Mr. Pickup behind me; "no pay, my dear, unless your Rembrandt is good enough to take me in—even, me, Ishmael, who deals in pictures and knowsh what'sh what."

I agreed to everything, as I always do under similar circumstances. I was introduced to the workshop, and to the eminent gentlemen occupying it. My model Rembrandt was put before me; the simple elementary rules were explained; and my materials were all placed under my hands. Regard for the lovers of the Old Masters, and for the moral well-being of society, forbids me to be particular about the nature of my labors, or to go into dangerous detail on the subject of my first failures and my subsequent success. I may, however, harmlessly admit that my Rembrandt was to be of the small or cabinet size, and that, as there was a run on Burgomasters just then, my subject was naturally to be of the Burgomaster sort. Three parts of my picture consisted entirely of different shades of dirty brown and black; the fourth being composed of a ray of yellow light falling upon the wrinkled face of a treacle-colored old man. A dim glimpse of

a hand, and a faint suggestion of something like a brass wash-hand basin, completed the job, which gave great satisfaction to Mr. Pickup, and which was described in the catalogue as, "A Burgomaster at Breakfast. Originally in the collection of Mynheer Van Grubb. Amsterdam. A rare example of the master. Not engraved. The chiar'oscuro in this extraordinary work is of a truly sublime character. Price, Two Hundred Guineas." I got five pounds for it. I suppose Mr. Pickup got one, ninety-five.

This was perhaps not very encouraging as a beginning in a pecuniary point of view. But I was to get five pounds more, if my Rembrandt sold within a given time. It sold a week after it was in a fit state to be trusted in the show-room. I got my money, and began enthusiastically on another Rembrandt—A Burgomaster's Wife Poking the Fire. Last time, the chiar'oscuro of the master had been yellow and black, this time it was to be red and black. I had the pleasantest possible anticipations of the result, and so had Mr. Pickup, when an unexpected catastrophe happened, which shut up the shop and abruptly terminated my experience as a maker of Old Masters.

"The Burgomaster's Breakfast" had been sold to a new customer, a venerable connoisseur, blessed with a great fortune and a large picture-gallery. The old gentleman was in raptures with the picture—with its tone, with its breadth, with its grand feeling for effect, with its simple treatment of detail. It wanted nothing, in his opinion, but a little cleaning. Mr. Pickup knew the raw and ticklish state of the surface, however, far too well to allow of even an attempt at performing this process, and solemnly asserted, that he was acquainted with no cleansing preparation which could be used on the Rembrandt without danger of "flying off the last exquisite glazings of the immortal master's brush." The old gentleman was quite satisfied with this reason for not cleaning the Burgomaster, and took away his purchase in his own carriage on the spot. For three weeks we heard nothing more of him. At the end of that time, a Hebrew friend of Mr. Pickup, employed in a lawyer's office, terrified us all by the information that a gentleman related to our venerable connoisseur had seen the Rembrandt, and had pronounced it to be an impudent counterfeit, and had engaged on his own account to have the picture tested in a court of law, and to charge the seller and maker thereof with conspiring to obtain money under false pretences. Mr. Pickup and I looked at each other with very blank faces on receiving this agreeable piece of news. What was to be done? I recovered the full use of my faculties first; and I was

the man who solved that important and difficult question, while the rest were still utterly bewildered by it. "Will you promise me five and twenty pounds, in the presence of these gentlemen, if I get you out of this scrape?" said I to my terrified employer. Ishmael Pickup wrung his dirty hands, and answered, "Yesh, my dear!"

Our informant in this awkward matter was employed in the office of the lawyers who were to have the conducting of the case against us, and he was able to tell me some of the things I most wanted to know in relation to the picture. I found out from him that the Rembrandt was still in our customer's possession. The old gentleman had consented to the question of its genuineness being tried, but had far too high an idea of his own knowledge as a connoisseur to incline to the opinion that he had been taken in. His suspicious relative was not staying in the house, but was in the habit of visiting him every day in the forenoon. That was as much as I wanted to know from others. The rest depended on myself, on luck, time, human credulity, and a smattering of chemical knowledge which I had acquired in the days of my medical studies. I left the conclave at the picture-dealer's forthwith, and purchased at the nearest druggist's a bottle containing a certain powerful liquid, which I decline to particularize on high moral grounds. I labelled the bottle, "The Amsterdam Cleansing Compound"; and I wrapped round it the following note:

"Mr. Pickup's respectful compliments to Mr. — (let us say, Green). Is rejoiced to state that he finds himself unexpectedly able to forward Mr. Green's views relative to the cleaning of The Burgomaster's Breakfast. The enclosed compound has just reached him from Amsterdam. It is made from a recipe found among the papers of Rembrandt himself, — has been used with the most astonishing results on the Master's pictures in every gallery of Holland, and is now being applied to the surface of the largest Rembrandt in Mr. P.'s own collection. Directions for use: — Lay the picture flat, pour the whole contents of the bottle over it gently, so as to flood the entire surface; leave the liquid on the surface for six hours, then wipe it off briskly with a soft cloth of as large a size as can be conveniently used. The effect will be the most wonderful removal of all dirt, and a complete and brilliant metamorphosis of the present dingy surface of the picture."

I left this note and the bottle myself at two o'clock that day; then went home, and confidently awaited the result.

The next morning our friend from the office called, announcing himself by a burst of laughter outside the door. Mr. Green had implicitly followed the directions in the

letter the moment he received it — had allowed the "Amsterdam Cleansing Compound" to remain on the Rembrandt until eight o'clock in the evening — had called for the softest linen cloth in the whole house — and had then, with his own venerable hands, carefully wiped off the Compound, and with it the whole surface of the picture! The brown, the black, the Burgomaster, the breakfast, and the ray of yellow light, all came clean off together in considerably less than a minute of time. If the picture was brought into court now, the evidence it could give against us was limited to a bit of plain panel, and a mass of black pulp rolled up in a duster.

Our line of defence was, of course, that the Compound had been improperly used. For the rest, we relied with well-placed confidence on the want of evidence against us. Mr. Pickup wisely closed his shop for a while, and went off to the continent to ransack the foreign galleries. I received my five and twenty pounds, rubbed out the beginning of my second Rembrandt, closed the back door of the workshop behind me, and there was another scene of my life at an end. No matter! I could still pace the pavement with money in my pocket, and was just as ready as ever to begin the world again for the fifth time.

My first visit of ceremony and gratitude combined was to the studio of my excellent artist-friend, whom I have already presented to the reader under the sympathetic name of "Dick." He greeted me with a letter in his hand. It was addressed to me — it had been left at the studio a few days since; and (marvel of all marvels!) the handwriting was Mr. Batterbury's. Had this philanthropic man not done befriending me even yet? Were there any present or prospective advantages to be got out of him still? Read his letter, and judge:

"Sir, — Although you have forfeited by your ungentlemanly conduct towards myself, and your heartlessly mischievous reception of my dear wife, all claim upon the forbearance of the most forbearing of your relatives, I am disposed, from motives of regard for the tranquillity of Mrs. Batterbury's family, and of sheer good-nature so far as I am myself concerned, to afford you one more chance of retrieving your position by leading a respectable life. The situation I am enabled to offer you is that of secretary to a new Literary and Scientific Institution, about to be opened in the town of Duskydale, near which neighborhood I possess, as you must be aware, some landed property. The office has been placed at my disposal, as vice-president of the new Institution. The salary is fifty pounds a year, with apartments on the attic-floor of the building. The duties are various, and will be

explained to you by the local-committee, if you choose to present yourself to them with the enclosed letter of introduction. After the unscrupulous manner in which you have imposed on my liberality by deceiving me into giving you fifty pounds for an audacious caricature of myself, which it is impossible to hang up in any room of the house, I think this instance of my forgiving disposition still to befriend you, after all that has happened, ought to appeal to any better feelings that you may still have left, and revive the long dormant emotions of repentance and self-reproach, when you think on your obedient servant,
DANIEL BATTERBURY."

Bless me! What a long-winded style, and what a fuss about fifty pounds a year, and a bed in an attic! These were naturally the first emotions which Mr. Batterbury's letter produced in me. What was his real motive for writing it? I hope nobody will do me so great an injustice as to suppose that I hesitated for one instant about the way of finding that out. Of course, I started off directly to inquire after the health of Lady Malkinshaw.

"Much better, sir," answered my grandmother's venerable butler, wiping his lips carefully before he spoke; "her ladyship's health has been much improved since her accident."

"Accident!" I exclaimed. "What, another? Lately? Stairs again?"

"No, sir; the drawing-room window this time," answered the butler, with semi-tipsy gravity. "Her ladyship's sight having been defective of late years, occasions her some difficulty in calculating distances. Three days ago, her ladyship went to look out of a window, and, miscalculating the distance—" Here the butler, with a fine dramatic feeling for telling a story, stopped just before the climax of the narrative, and looked me in the face with an expression of the deepest sympathy.

"And miscalculating the distance?" I repeated, impatiently.

"Put her head through a pane of glass," said the butler, in a soft voice suited to the pathetic nature of the communication. "By great good fortune her ladyship had been dressed for the day, and had got her turban on. This saved her ladyship's head. But her ladyship's neck, sir, had a very narrow escape. A bit of the broken glass wounded it within half a quarter of an inch of the carotid artery" (meaning, probably, carotid), "I heard the medical gentlemen say, and shall never forget it to my dying day, that her ladyship's life had been saved by a hair's-breadth. As it was, the blood lost (the medical gentleman said that, too, sir) was accidentally of the greatest possible benefit, being apoplectic, in the way of clearing out the system. Her ladyship's appetite has

been improved ever since—the carriage is out airing of her at this very moment—likewise, she takes the footman's arm and the maid's up and down stairs now, which she never would hear of before this last accident. 'I feel ten years younger' (those were her ladyship's own words to me, this very day), 'I feel ten years younger, Vokins, since I broke the drawing-room window. And her ladyship looks it!'"

No doubt. Here was the key to Mr. Batterbury's letter of forgiveness. His chance of receiving the legacy looked now farther off than ever; he could not feel the same confidence as his wife in my power of living down any amount of starvation and adversity; and he was, therefore, quite ready to take the first opportunity of promoting my precious personal welfare and security, of which he could avail himself, without spending a farthing of money. I saw it all clearly and admired the hereditary toughness of the Malkinshaw family more gratefully than ever. What should I do? Go to Duskydale? Why not? I had no particular engagements; I was ready for a change; and I was curious to see what sort of thing a Literary and Scientific Institution might be. I had only to pack up my traps, write a letter of contrition and civility to Mr. Batterbury, and then—hey for Duskydale!

I got to my new destination the next day, presented my credentials, gave myself the full advantage of my high connections, and was received with enthusiasm and distinction. I found the new Institution torn by internal schism, even before it was opened to the public. Two factions governed it—a grave faction and a gay faction. Two questions agitated it: the first referring to the propriety of celebrating the opening season by a public ball, and the second to the expediency of admitting novels into the library. The grim Puritan interest of the whole neighborhood was, of course, on the grave side—against both dancing and novels, as proposed by local loose thinkers and latitudinarians of every degree. I was officially introduced to the debate at the height of the squabble; and found myself one of a large party in a small room, sitting round a long table, each man of us with a new pewter inkstand, a new quillpen, and a clean sheet of foolscap paper before him. Seeing that everybody spoke, I got on my legs along with the rest, and made a slashing speech on the loose-thinking side. I was followed by the leader of the grim faction—an unlicked curate of the largest dimensions. "If there were, so to speak, no other reason against dancing," said my reverend opponent, "there is one unanswerable objection to it. Gentleman! John the Baptist lost his head through dancing!"

Every man of the grim faction hammered delightedly on the table, as that formidable argument was produced; and the curate sat down in triumph. I jumped up to reply, amid the counter-cheering of the loose-thinkers; but before I could say a word, the President of the Institution and the rector of the parish came into the room. They were both men of authority, men of sense, and fathers of charming daughters, and they turned the scale on the right side in no time. The question relating to the admission of novels was postponed, and the question of dancing or no dancing was put to the vote on the spot. The President, the rector, and myself, the three handsomest and highest-bred men in the assembly, led the way on the liberal side, waggishly warning all gallant gentlemen present to beware of disappointing the young ladies. This decided the waverers, and the waverers decided the majority. My first business, as secretary, was the drawing out of a model card of admission to the hall. My next occupation was to look at the rooms provided for me. The Duskydale Institution occupied a badly-repaired ten-roomed house, with a great flimsy saloon built at one side of it, smelling of paint and damp plaster, and called the Lecture Theatre. It was the chilliest, ugliest, emptiest, gloomiest place I ever entered in my life; the idea of doing anything but sitting down and crying in it seemed to me quite preposterous; but the committee took a different view of the matter, and praised the Lecture Theatre as a perfect hall-room. The Secretary's apartments were two garrets, asserting themselves in the most barefaced manner, without an attempt at disguise. If I had intended to do more than earn my first quarter's salary, I should have complained. But as I had not the slightest intention of remaining at Duskydale, I could afford to establish a reputation for amiability by saying nothing. "Have you seen Mr. Softly, the new Secretary? A most distinguished person, and quite an acquisition to the neighborhood." Such was the popular opinion of me among the young ladies and the liberal inhabitants. "Have you seen Mr. Softly, the new Secretary? A worldly, vain-glorious young man. The last person in England to promote the interests of our new Institution." Such was the counter-estimate of me among the Puritan population. I report both opinions quite disinterestedly. There is generally something to be said on either side of every question; and, as for me, I can always hold up the scales impartially, even when my own character is the substance weighing in them. Readers of ancient history need not be reminded, at this time of day, that there may be Roman virtue even in a Rogue.

The objects, interests, and general business of the Duskydale Institution were matters with which I never thought of troubling myself on assuming the duties of secretary. All my energies were given to the arrangements connected with the opening ball. I was elected by acclamation to the office of general manager of the entertainments; and I did my best to deserve the confidence reposed in me; leaving literature and science, so far as I was concerned, perfectly at liberty to advance themselves or not, just as they liked. Whatever my colleagues may have done, after I left them, nobody at Duskydale can accuse me of having ever been accessory to the disturbing of quiet people with useful knowledge. I took the arduous and universally neglected duty of teaching the English people how to be amused entirely on my own shoulders, and left the easy and customary business of making them miserable to others. My unhappy countrymen! (and thrice unhappy they of the poorer sort)—any man can preach to them, lecture to them, and form them into classes—but where is the man who can get them to amuse themselves? Anybody may cram their poor heads; but who will brighten their grave faces? Don't read story-books, don't go to plays, don't dance! Finish your long day's work and then intoxicate your minds with solid history, revel in the too-attractive luxury of the lecture-room, sink under the soft temptation of classes for mutual instruction! How many potent, grave, and reverent tongues discourse to the popular ear in these syren strains, and how obediently and resignedly this same weary popular ear listens! What if a bold mansprang up one day, crying aloud in our social wilderness, "Play, for Heaven's sake, or you will work yourselves into a nation of automatons! Shake a loose leg to a lively fiddle! Women of England! drag the lecturer off the rostrum, and the male mutual instructor out of the class, and ease their poor addled heads of evenings by making them dance and sing with you! Accept no offer from any man who cannot be proved, for a year past, to have systematically lost his dignity at least three times a week, after office hours. You, daughters of Eve, who have that wholesome love of pleasure which is one of the greatest adornments of the female character, set up a society for the promotion of universal amusement, and save the British nation from the lamentable social consequences of its own gravity!" Imagine a voice crying lustily after this fashion—what sort of echoes would it find?—Groans?

I know what sort of echoes my voice found. They were so discouraging to me, and to the frivolous minority of pleasure-seekers, that I recommended lowering the

price of admission so as to suit the means of any decent people who were willing to leave off money-grubbing and tear themselves from the charms of useful recreation for one evening at least. The proposition was indignantly negated by the managers of the institution. I am so singularly sanguine a man that I was not to be depressed even by this. My next efforts to fill the ball-room could not be blamed. I procured a local directory, put fifty tickets in my pocket, dressed myself in nankeen pantaloons and a sky-blue coat (then the height of fashion), and set forth to tout for dancers among all the members of the genteel population, who, not being notorious Puritans, had also not been so obliging as to take tickets for the ball. There never was any pride or bashfulness about me. I stick at nothing; I am as easy and even-tempered a Rogue as you have met with anywhere since the days of Gil Blas.

My temperament being opposed to doing anything with regularity, I opened the directory at hazard, and determined to make my first call at the first house that caught my eye. Vallombrosa Vale Cottages. Number One. Doctor and Miss Knapton. Very good. I have no preferences. Let me sell the first two tickets there. I found the place; I opened the garden gate; I tripped up to the door with my accustomed buoyancy and my sunny smile. I never felt easier or more careless; and yet, at that very moment, I was rushing with headlong rapidity to meet my fate.

What fate?

Fate in yellow muslin, with black hair curling down to her waist, with large, soft, melancholy brown eyes, with round dusky cheeks, with nimble white fingers working a silk purse, with a heavenly blush and a sad smile—fate, in short, by the name of Miss Knapton. Love takes various lengths of time, I believe, to subjugate less impressionable men than I am. I have heard of certain hard natures capable of holding out against fascination for a week. It is incredible; but I will offend nobody by saying that I do not believe it. In my case, on my word of honor as a gentleman and lover, Miss Knapton subjugated me in less than half-a-minute. When I felt myself coloring as I bowed to her, I knew that it was all over with me. I never blushed before in my life. What a very curious sensation it is!

I saw her wave her hand, and felt a greedy longing to kiss it. I heard her say sweetly and indicatively, "My father." What eloquence! The doctor was in the room, but his daughter had dazzled me, and I had not seen him. I bowed—I stammered—I was at a loss for expressions. O Cupid!

think of the interests of the Duskydale Institution! Chubby tyrant of the bow and arrow, give me back enough of my former self to sell two tickets, at least! She spoke again:

"The gentleman who is secretary to the new Institution, I believe?"

How profoundly true! She smiled upon me; she saw the damage she had done, and tenderly repaired it. I thawed—I expanded under the treatment. My faculties came back to me. I ceased to blush; I explained my errand; I became as agreeable and as gallant as ever.

Her father answered. Having partially recovered my senses, I was able to observe him. A tall, stout gentleman, with impressive respectability oozing out of him at every pore—with a swelling outline of black-waistcoated stomach, with a lofty forehead, with a smooth double chin resting pulpily on a white cravat. Everything in harmony about him except his eyes, and these were so sharp, bright, and resolute, that they seemed to contradict the bland conventionality which overspread all the rest of the man. Eyes with wonderful intelligence and self-dependence in them; perhaps, also, with something a little false in them, which I might have discovered immediately under ordinary circumstances; but I looked at the doctor through the medium of his daughter, and saw nothing of him at the first glance but his merits.

"We are both very much indebted to you, sir, for your politeness in calling," he said, with excessive civility of manner. "But our stay at this place has drawn to an end. I only came here for the re-establishment of my daughter's health. She has benefited greatly by the change of air, and we have arranged to return home to-morrow. Otherwise, we should have gladly profited by your kind offer of tickets for the ball."

Of course I had one eye on the young lady while he was speaking. She was looking at her father and a strange sadness was stealing over her face. What did that mean? Disappointment at missing the ball? No, it was a much deeper feeling than that. My curiosity was excited. I addressed a complimentary entreaty to the doctor not to take his daughter away from us. I asked him to reflect on the irreparable eclipse that he would be casting over the Duskydale ball-room. To my amazement, Miss Knapton only looked down gloomily on her work while I spoke, and her father laughed contemptuously.

"We are too completely strangers here," he said, "for our loss to be felt by any one. From all that I can gather, society in Duskydale will be glad to hear of our departure."

Miss Knapton looked more gloomily than before. I protested against the doctors' last words. He laughed again, with a quick, distrustful look, this time, at his daughter.

"If you were to mention my name among your respectable inhabitants," he went on with a strong, sneering emphasis on the word respectable, "they would most likely purse up their lips and look grave at it. Since I gave up practice as a physician, I have engaged in chemical investigations on a large scale, destined, I hope, to lead to some important public results. Until I arrive at these, I am necessarily obliged in my own interests, to keep my experiments secret, and to impose similar discretion on the workmen whom I employ. This unavoidable appearance of mystery, and the strictly retired life which my studies oblige me to lead, offend the narrow-minded people in my part of the county, close to Barkingham; and the unpopularity of my pursuits has followed me here. The general opinion, I believe, is, that I am seeking by unholy arts for the philosopher's stone. Plain man, as you see me, I find myself getting quite the reputation of a Doctor Faustus in the popular mind. Even educated people in this very place shake their heads and pity my daughter Laura there for living with an alchemical parent, within easy smelling-distance of an explosive laboratory. Excessively absurd, is it not?"

It might have been excessively absurd; but the lovely Laura sat with her eyes on her work, looking as if it were excessively sad, and not giving her father the faintest answering smile when he glanced towards her and laughed, as he said his last words. I could not at all tell what to make of it. The doctor talked of the social consequences of his chemical inquiries as if we were living in the middle ages. However, I was far too anxious to see the charming brown eyes again to ask questions which would be sure to keep them cast down. So I changed the topic to chemistry in general; and, to the doctor's evident astonishment and pleasure, told him of my own early studies in the science. This led to the mention of my father, whose reputation had reached the ears of Doctor Knapton. As he told me that, his daughter looked up—the sun of beauty shone on me again! I touched next on my high connections, and on Lady Malkinshaw; I described myself as temporarily banished from home for humorous caricaturing, and amiable youthful wildness. She was interested; she smiled—and the sun of beauty shone warmer than ever! I diverged to general topics, and got brilliant and amusing. She laughed—the nightingale-notes of her merriment bubbled into my ears caressingly—why could I not shut my eyes to listen to

them? Her color rose; her face grew animated. Poor soul! A little lively company was but too evidently a rare treat to her. Under such circumstances, who would not be amusing? If she had said to me, "Mr. Softly, I like tumbling," I should have made a clown of myself on the spot. I should have stood on my head (if I could), and been amply rewarded for the graceful exertion, if the eyes of Laura Knapton had looked kindly on my elevated heels!

How long I staid is more than I can tell. Lunch came up. I ate and drank, and grew more amusing than ever. When I at last rose to go, the brown eyes looked on me very kindly, and the doctor gave me his card.

"If you don't mind trusting yourself in the clutches of Doctor Faustus," he said, with a gay smile, "I shall be delighted to see you, if you are ever in the neighborhood of Barkingham."

I wrung his hand, mentally relinquishing my secretaryship while I thanked him for the invitation. I half put out my hand to his daughter; and the dear friendly girl met the advance with the most charming readiness. She gave me a good, hearty, vigorous, uncompromising shake. O, precious right hand! never did I properly appreciate your value, until that moment.

Going out with my head in the air, and my senses in the seventh heaven, I jostled an elderly gentleman passing before the garden-gate. I turned round to apologize; it was my brother in office, the estimable Treasurer of the Duskydale Institution.

"I have been over half the town looking after you," he said. "The Managing Committee, on reflection, consider your plan of personally soliciting public attendance at the ball to be compromising the dignity of the Institution, and beg you, therefore, to abandon it."

"Very well," said I, "there is no harm done. Thus far, I have only solicited two persons, Doctor and Miss Knapton, in that delightful little cottage there."

"You don't mean to say you have asked them to come to the ball!"

"To be sure I have. And I am sorry to say they can't accept the invitation. Why should they not be asked?"

"Because nobody visits them."

"And why should nobody visit them?"

The Treasurer put his arm confidentially through mine, and walked on a few steps.

"In the first place," he said, "Doctor Knapton's name is not down in the Medical List."

"Some mistake," I suggested in my off-hand way. "Or some foreign doctor's degree not recognized by the prejudiced people in England."

"In the second place," continued the Treasurer, "we have found out that he is not visited at Barkingham. Consequently, it would be the height of imprudence to visit him here."

"Pooh! pooh! All the nonsense of narrow-minded people, because he lives a retired life, and is engaged in finding out chemical secrets which the ignorant public don't know how to appreciate."

"The shutters are always up in the front top windows of his house at Barkingham," said the Treasurer, lowering his voice mysteriously. "I know that from a friend resident near him. The windows themselves are barred. It is currently reported that the top of the house, inside, is shut off by iron doors from the bottom. Workmen are employed there who don't belong to the neighborhood, who don't drink at the public-houses, who only associate with each other. Unfamiliar smells and noises find their way outside sometimes. Nobody in the house can be got to talk. The doctor, as he calls himself, does not even make an attempt to get into society, does not even try to see company for the sake of his poor unfortunate daughter. What do you think of all that?"

"Think!" I repeated contemptuously. "I think the inhabitants of Barkingham are the best finders of mares'-nests in all England. The doctor is making important chemical discoveries (the possible value of which I can appreciate, being chemical myself), and he is not quite fool enough to expose valuable secrets to the view of all the world. His laboratory is at the top of the house, and he wisely shuts it off from the bottom to prevent accidents. He is one of the best fellows I ever met with, and his daughter is the loveliest girl in the world. What do you all mean by making mysteries about nothing? He has given me an invitation to go and see him. I suppose the next thing you will find out is, that there is something underhand even in that?"

"You won't accept the invitation?"

"I shall, at the very first opportunity; and if you had seen Miss Knapton, so would you."

"Don't go. Take my advice and don't go," said the Treasurer, gravely. "You are a young man. Reputable friends are of importance to you at the outset of life. I say nothing against Doctor Knapton—he came here as a stranger and he goes away again as a stranger—but you can't be sure that his purpose in asking you so readily to his house is a harmless one. Making a new acquaintance is always a doubtful speculation; but when a man is not visited by his respectable neighbors—"

"Because he does not open his shutters," I interposed, sarcastically.

"Because there are doubts about him and his house, which he will not clear up," retorted the Treasurer. "You can take your own way. You may turn out right, and we may all be wrong; I can only say again, it is rash to make doubtful acquaintances. Sooner or later you are always sure to repent it. In your place I should certainly not accept the invitation."

"In my place, my dear sir," said I, "you would do exactly what I mean to do."

The Treasurer took his arm out of mine, and, without saying another word, wished me good morning.

Did I determine, on reflection, to follow my friend's advice? Certainly not. I was in love; and what man worthy of the name follows friendly advice in that situation? No; I had resolved, at all hazards, to go to the doctor's, at Barkingham; and, being firmness itself where my own sentiments and tender interests are at stake—in due course of time away I went.

Did I repent my rashness? We shall see.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD spoken confidently enough, while arguing the question of Doctor Knapton's respectability with the Treasurer of the Duskydale Institution; but, if my perceptions had not been blinded by my enthusiastic admiration for the beautiful Laura, I think I should have secretly distrusted my own opinion as soon as I was left by myself. Had I been in full possession of my senses, I might have questioned, on reflection, whether the doctor's method of accounting for the suspicions which kept his neighbors aloof from him, was quite satisfactory. Love is generally described, I believe, as the tender passion. When I remember the insidiously relaxing effect of it on all my faculties, I feel inclined to alter the popular definition, and to call it a moral vapor-bath.

What the managing-committee of the Duskydale Institution thought of the change in me, I cannot imagine. Doctor and Miss Knapton left the town on the day they had originally appointed, before I could make any excuse for calling again; and, as a necessary consequence of their departure, I lost all interest in the affairs of the ball, and yawned in the faces of the committee when I was obliged to be present at their deliberations in my official capacity. It was all Laura with me, whatever they did. I read the Minutes through a soft cloud of yellow muslin. Notes of melodious laughter bubbled, in my mind's-ear, through all the drawling and stammering of our speech-

making members. When our dignified President thought he had caught my eye, and made oratorical overtures to me from the top of the table, I was lost in the contemplation of silk purses and white fingers weaving them. I meant "Laura" when I said "hear, hear"; and when I officially produced my subscription-list, it was all a-glow with the roseate hues of the marriage-license. If any unsympathetic male readers should think this statement exaggerated, I appeal to the ladies—they will appreciate the rigid, yet tender, truth of it.

The night of the ball came. I have nothing but the vaguest recollection of it. I remember that the more the perverse lecture-theatre was warmed, the more persistently it smelt of damp plaster; and that the more brightly it was lighted, the more overgrown and lonesome it looked. I can recall to mind that the company assembled numbered about fifty—the room being big enough to hold three hundred. I have a vision still before me, of twenty out of these fifty guests, solemnly executing intricate figure-dances, under the superintendence of an infirm local dancing-master—a mere speck of fidgetty human wretchedness twisting about in the middle of an empty floor. I see, faintly, down the dim vista of the Past, an agreeable figure, like myself, with a cocked-hat under its arm, black tights on its lightly-tripping legs, a rosette in its button-hole, and an engaging smile on its face, walking from end to end of the room, in the character of Master of the Ceremonies. These visions and events I can recall vaguely, and with them my remembrances of the ball come to a close. It was a complete failure, and that would, of itself, have been enough to sicken me of remaining at the Duskydale Institution, even if I had not had any reasons of the tender sort for wishing to extend my travels in rural England to the neighborhood of Barkingham. The difficulty was how to find a decent pretext for getting away. Fortunately, the managing-committee relieved me of any perplexity on this head by passing a resolution, one day, which called upon the president to remonstrate with me on my want of proper interest in the affairs of the Institution. I replied to the remonstrance that the affairs of the Institution were so hopelessly dull, that it was equally absurd and unjust to expect any human being to take the smallest interest in them. At this there arose an indignant cry of "Resign!" from the whole committee; to which I answered politely, that I should be delighted to oblige the gentlemen, and to go forthwith, on the condition of receiving a quarter's salary in the way of previous compensation. After a sordid opposition from an economical minority, my

condition of departure was accepted. I wrote a letter of resignation, received in exchange twelve pounds ten shillings, and took my place, that same day, on the box-seat of the Barkingham mail. Rather changeable this life of mine, was it not? Before I was twenty-five years of age, I had tried doctoring, caricaturing, portrait-painting, old picture-making, and Institution-managing; and, now, with the help of Laura Knapton, I was about to try how a little marrying would suit me. Surely, Shakspeare must have had me prophetically in his eye when he wrote that about "one man in his time playing many parts." What a character I should have made for him if he had only been alive now!

I found out from the coachman, among other matters, that there was a famous fishing stream near Barkingham; and the first thing I did, on arriving at the town, was to buy a rod and line. It struck me that my safest way of introducing myself would be to tell Doctor Knapton that I had come to the neighborhood for a little fishing, and so to prevent him from fawning that I was suspiciously prompt in availing myself of his offered hospitality. I put up, of course, at the inn—stuck a large parchment book of flies half in and half out of the pocket of my shooting-jacket, and set off at once to the doctor's. The waiter of whom I asked my way stared distrustfully while he directed me. The people at the inn had evidently heard of my new friend, and were not favorably disposed towards the cause of scientific investigation.

The house stood about a mile out of the town, in a dip of ground near the famous fishing-stream. A large, lonely, old-fashioned, red-brick building, surrounded by high walls, with a garden and plantation behind it. As I rang at the gate-bell, I looked up at the house. Sure enough, all the top windows in front were closed with shutters and barred. I was let in by a man in livery, who, however, in manners and appearance, looked much more like a workman in disguise than a footman. He had a very suspicious eye, and he fixed it on me unpleasantly when I handed him my card.

I was shown into a morning-room exactly like other morning-rooms in country houses. After a long delay the doctor came in, with scientific butcher's sleeves on his arms, and an apron tied round his portly waist. He apologized for coming down in his working-dress, and said everything that was civil and proper about the pleasure of unexpectedly seeing me again so soon. There was something rather preoccupied, I thought, in those brightly resolute eyes of his; but I naturally attributed that to the engrossing influence

of his scientific inquiries. He was evidently not at all taken in by my story about coming to Barkingham to fish; but he saw, as well as I did, that it would do to keep up appearances, and contrived to look highly interested immediately in my parchment book. I asked after his daughter. He said she was in the garden, and proposed that we should go and find her. We did find her, with a pair of scissors in her hand, outblossoming the flowers that she was trimming. She looked really glad to see me; her brown eyes beamed clear and kindly; she gave my hand another inestimable shake; the summer breezes waved her black curls gently upward from her waist; she had on a straw hat, and a brown holland gardening dress. I eyed it with all the practical interest of a linen-draper. O Brown Holland, you are but a coarse and cheap fabric, yet how soft and priceless you look when clothing the figure of Laura Knapton!

I lunched with them. The doctor recurred to the subject of my angling intentions, and asked his daughter if she had heard what parts of the stream at Barkingham were best for fishing in. She replied, with a mixture of modest evasiveness and adorable simplicity, that she had sometimes seen gentlemen angling from a meadow-bank about a quarter of a mile below her flower-garden. I risked everything in my usual venturesome way, and asked if she would show me where the place was, in case I called the next morning with my fishing-rod. She looked dutifully at her father. He smiled and nodded. Inestimable parent!

On rising to take leave, I was rather curious to know whether he would offer me a bed in the house, or not. He detected the direction of my thoughts in my face and manner, and apologized for not having a bed to offer me; every spare room in the house being occupied by his chemical assistants, and by the lumber of his laboratories. Even while he was speaking those few words, Laura's face changed just as I had seen it change at our first interview. The downcast, gloomy expression overspread it again. Her father's eye wandered towards her when mine did, and suddenly assumed the same distrustful look which I remembered detecting in it, under similar circumstances, at Duskydale. What could this mean?

The doctor shook hands with me in the hall, leaving the workmanlike footman to open the door. I stopped to admire a fine pair of stag's antlers placed over it. The footman coughed impatiently. I still lingered, hearing the doctor's footsteps ascending the stairs. They suddenly stopped; and then there was a low heavy clang, like the sound of a closing door made of iron, or of

some other unusually strong material; then total silence, interrupted by another impatient cough from the workmanlike footman. After that, I thought my wisest proceeding would be to go away before my mysterious attendant was driven to practical extremities.

Between thoughts of Laura and inquisitive yearnings to know more about the doctor's experiments, I passed rather a restless night at my inn. The next morning, I found the lovely mistress of my future destiny, with the softest of shawls on her shoulders, the brightest of parasols in her hand, and the smart little straw hat of the day before on her head, ready to show me the way to the fishing-place. If I could be sure beforehand that these pages would only be read by persons actually occupied in the making of love—that oldest and longest-established of all branches of manufacturing industry—I could go into some very tender and interesting particulars on the subject of my first day's fishing, under the adorable auspices of Miss Knapton. But as I cannot hope for a wholly sympathetic audience—as there may be monks, misogynists, political economists, and other professedly hard-hearted persons present among those whom I now address—I think it best to keep to safe generalities, and to describe my love-making in as few sentences as the vast, though soft, importance of the subject will allow me to use. Let me confess, then, that I assumed the character of a fastidious angler, and managed to be a week in discovering the right place to fish in—always, it is unnecessary to say, under Laura's guidance. We went up the stream and down the stream on one side. We crossed the bridge, and went up the stream and down the stream on the other. We got into a punt, and went up the stream (with great difficulty) and down the stream (with great ease). We landed on a little island, and walked all round it, and inspected the stream attentively from a central point of view. We found the island damp, and went back to the bank, and up the stream, and over the bridge, and down the stream again; and then, for the first time, the sweet girl turned appealingly to me, and confessed that she had exhausted her artless knowledge of the locality. It was exactly a week from the day when I had first followed her into the fields with my fishing-rod over my shoulder; and I had never yet caught anything but Laura's hand, and that not with my hook. We sat down close together on the bank, entirely in consequence of our despair at not finding a good fishing-place. I looked at the brown eyes, and they turned away observantly down the stream. I followed them, and they turned away inquiringly up the

stream. Was this angel of patience and kindness still looking for a fishing-place? And was it *up* the stream, after all? No! — she smiled and shook her head when I asked the question, and the brown eyes suddenly stole a look at me. I could hold out no longer. In one breathless moment I caught hold of both her hands — in one stammering sentence I asked her if she would be my wife.

She tried faintly to free her hands — gave up the attempt — smiled — made an effort to look grave — gave that up, too — sighed suddenly — checked herself suddenly — said nothing. Perhaps I ought to have taken my answer for granted; but the least business-like man that ever lived always becomes an eminently practical character in matters of love. I repeated my question. She looked away confusedly; her eye lighted on a corner of her father's red-brick house, peeping through a gap in the plantation already mentioned; and her blushing cheeks lost their color instantly. I felt her hands grow cold, she drew them resolutely out of mine, and rose with the tears in her eyes. Had I offended her?

"No," she said, when I asked the question, and turned to me again, and held out her hand with such frank, fearless kindness that I almost fell on my knees to thank her for it.

Might I hope ever to hear her say Yes to the question that I had asked on the river-bank?

She sighed bitterly, and turned again towards the red-brick house.

Was there any family reason against her saying Yes? Anything that I must not inquire into? Any opposition to be dreaded from her father?

The moment I mentioned her father, she shrank away from me, and burst into a violent fit of crying.

"Don't speak of it again!" she said in a broken voice. "I must n't — you must n't — O, don't, don't say a word more about it! I'm not distressed with you — it is not your fault. Don't say anything — leave me quiet for a minute. I shall soon be better if you leave me quiet."

She dried her eyes directly, with a shiver as if it was cold, and took my arm. I led her back to the house-gate: and then, feeling that I could not go in to lunch as usual, after what had happened, said I would return to the fishing-place.

"Shall I come to dinner this evening?" I asked, as I rang the gate-bell for her.

"O, yes — yes! — do come, or he —"

The mysterious man-servant opened the door, and we parted before she could say the next words.

I went back to the fishing-place with a

heavy heart, overcome by mournful thoughts, for the first time in my life. It was plain that she did not dislike me, and equally plain that there was some obstacle connected with her father, which forbade her to listen to my offer of marriage. From the time when she had accidentally looked towards the red-brick house, something in her manner which it is quite impossible to describe, had suggested to my mind that this obstacle was not only something she could not mention, but something that she was partly ashamed of, partly afraid of, and partly doubtful about. What could it be? How had she first known it? In what way was her father connected with it?

In the course of our walks she had told me nothing about herself which was not perfectly simple and unsuggestive. Her mother had died when she was about fourteen years old. While she was growing up she lived with her father and mother at Paris, where the doctor had many friends — for all of whom she remembered feeling more or less dislike, without being able to tell why. They had then come to England, had lived in lodgings in London, and had removed to their present abode after her mother's death, taking a whole house to themselves, to give the doctor full accommodation for the carrying on of his scientific pursuits. He often had occasion to go to London; but never took her with him. The only woman at home now, besides herself, was an elderly person, who acted as cook and housekeeper, and who had been in their service for many years. It was very lonely sometimes, not having a companion of her own age and sex; but she had got tolerably used to bear it, and to amuse herself with her books, and music, and flowers. Thus far she chatted about herself quite freely; but when I tried, even in the vaguest manner, to lead her into discussing the causes of her strangely-secluded life, she looked so distressed, and became so suddenly silent, that I naturally refrained from saying another word on that topic. One conclusion, however, I felt tolerably sure that I had drawn correctly from what she said: her father's conduct towards her, though not absolutely blameable or grossly neglectful on any point, had still never been of a nature to make her ardently fond of him. He performed the ordinary parental duties rigidly and respectably enough; but he had apparently not cared to win all the filial love which his daughter would have bestowed on a more affectionate man.

When, after reflecting on what Laura had told me, I began to call to mind what I had been able to observe for myself, I found ample materials to excite my curiosity in relation to the doctor, if not my distrust. I

have already described how I heard the clang of the heavy door, on the occasion of my first visit to the red-brick house. The next day, when the doctor again took leave of me in the hall, I hit on a plan for seeing the door as well as hearing it. I dawdled on my way out, till I heard the clang again; then pretended to remember some important message which I had forgotten to give to the doctor, and with a look of innocent hurry ran up stairs to overtake him. The disguised workman ran after me with a shout of "stop." I was conveniently deaf to him—reached the first-floor landing—and arrived at a door which shut off the whole staircase higher up; an iron door, as solid as if it belonged to a banker's strong room, and guarded millions of money. I returned to the hall, inattentive to the servant's not over-civil remonstrances, and, saying that I would wait till I saw the doctor again, left the house. The next day two pale-looking men, in artisan costume, came up to the gate at the same time that I did; each carrying a long wooden box under his arm, strongly bound with iron. I tried to make them talk, while we were waiting for admission, but neither of them would go beyond Yes, or No; and both had, to my eye, some unmistakably sinister lines in their faces. The next day the housekeeping cook came to the door—a buxom old woman with a bold look, and a ready smile, and something in her manner which suggested that she had not begun life quite so respectably as she was now ending it. She seemed to be decidedly satisfied with my personal appearance; talked to me on indifferent matters with great glibness and satisfaction, but suddenly became silent and diplomatic the moment I looked toward the stairs and asked innocently if she had to go up and down them often in the course of the day. As for the doctor himself, he was unapproachable on the subject of the mysterious upper regions. If I introduced chemistry in general into the conversation, he begged me not to spoil his happy holiday hours with his daughter and me, by leading him back to his work-a-day thoughts. If I referred to his own experiments in particular, he always made a joke about being afraid of my chemical knowledge, and of my wishing to anticipate him in his discoveries. In brief, after a week's run of the lower regions, the upper part of the red-brick house, and the actual nature of its owner's occupations, still remained impenetrable mysteries to me, pry, ponder, and question as I might.

Thinking of this on the river-bank, in connection with the distressing scene which I had just had with Laura, I found that the mysterious obstacle at which she had hinted, the mysterious life led by her father, and the

mysterious top of the house that had hitherto defied my curiosity, all three connected themselves in my mind as links of the same chain. The obstacle, being what hindered my prospects of marrying Laura, was the thing that most troubled me. If I only found out what it was, and if I made light of it (which I was resolved beforehand to do, let it be what it might) I should most probably end by overcoming her scruples, and taking her away from the ominous red-brick house in the character of my wife. But how was I to make the all-important discovery? Cudgelling my brains for an answer to this question I fell at last into reasoning upon it, by a process of natural logic, something after this fashion:—The mysterious top of the house is connected with the doctor, and the doctor is connected with the obstacle which has made wretchedness between Laura and me. If I can only get to the top of the house, I may get also to the root of the obstacle. It is a dangerous and uncertain experiment; but, come what may of it, I will try and find out, if human ingenuity can compass the means, what Dr. Knapton really occupies himself with on the other side of that iron door.

Having come to this conclusion (and deriving, let me add parenthetically, great consolation from it), the next subject of consideration was the best method of getting safely into the top regions of the house. Picking the lock of the iron door was out of the question, from the exposed nature of the situation which that mysterious iron barrier occupied. My only possible way to the second-floor lay by the back of the house. I had looked up at it two or three times, whilst walking in the garden after dinner with Laura. What had I brought away in my memory as the result of that casual inspection of my host's back premises? Several fragments of useful information. In the first place, one of the most magnificent vines I had ever seen grew against the back wall of the house, trained carefully on a strong trellis-work. In the second place, the middle first-floor back window looked out on a little stone balcony, built on the top of the porch over the garden door. In the third place, the back windows of the second-floor had been open, on each occasion when I had seen them, most probably to air the house, which could not be ventilated from the front during the hot summer weather, in consequence of the shut-up condition of all the windows thereabouts. In the fourth place, hard by the coach-house in which Dr. Knapton's neat gig was put up, there was a toolshed, in which the gardener kept his short pruning-ladder. In the fifth and last place, outside the stable in which Doctor Knap-

ton's blood-mare lived in luxurious solitude, was a dog-kennel with a large mastiff chained to it night and day. If I could only rid myself of the dog—a gaunt, half-starved brute, made savage and mangy by perpetual confinement—I did not see any reason to despair of getting in undiscovered, at one of the second-floor windows, provided I waited until a sufficiently late hour, and succeeded in scaling the garden wall at the back of the house.

Life without Laura being not worth having, I determined to risk the thing that very night. Going back at once to the town of Barkingham, I provided myself with a short bit of rope, a little bull's-eye lantern, a small screw-driver, and a nice bit of beef chemically adapted for the soothing of troublesome dogs. I then dressed, disposed of these things neatly in my coat-pockets, and went to the doctor's to dinner. In one respect, Fortune favored my audacity. It was the sultriest day of the whole season—surely they could not think of shutting up the second-floor back windows to-night!

Laura was pale and silent. The lovely brown eyes, when they looked at me, said as plainly as in words, "We have been crying a great deal, Frank, since we saw you last." The little white fingers gave mine a significant squeeze—and that was all the reference that passed between us to what had happened in the morning. She sat through the dinner bravely; but, when the dessert came, left us for the night, with a few shy hurried words about the excessive heat of the weather being too much for her. I rose to open the door, and exchanged a last meaning look with her, as she bowed and went by me. Little did I then think that I should have to live upon nothing but the remembrance of that look for many weary days that were yet to come.

The doctor was in excellent spirits, and almost oppressively hospitable. We sat sociably chatting over our claret till past eight o'clock. Then my host turned to his desk to write a letter before the post went out; and I strolled away to smoke a cigar in the garden.

Second-floor back windows all open, atmosphere as sultry as ever, gardener's pruning-ladder quite safe in the tool-shed, savage mastiff outside kennel crunching last bones of supper. Good. The dog will not be visited again to-night: I may throw my medicated bit of beef at once into his kennel. I acted on the idea immediately; the dog rushed in after the beef; I heard a snap, a wheeze, a choke, and a groan,—and there was the mastiff disposed of, inside the kennel, where nobody could find out that he was dead till the time came for feeding him the next morning.

I went back to the doctor; we had a social

glass of cold brandy-and-water together, I lighted another cigar, and took my leave. My host being too respectable a man not to keep early country hours, I went away, as usual, about ten. The mysterious man-servant locked the gate behind me. I sauntered on the road back to Barkingham for about five minutes, then struck off sharp for the plantation, lighted my lantern with the help of my cigar and a brimstone match of that barbarous period, shut down the slide again, and made for the garden wall.

It was formidably high, and garnished horribly with broken bottles; but it was also old, and when I came to pick at the mortar with my screw-driver, I found it reasonably rotten with age and damp. I removed four bricks to make foot-holes in different positions up the wall. It was desperately hard and long work, easy as it may sound in description—especially when I had to hold on by the top of the wall, with my flat opera hat (as we used to call it in those days) laid, as a guard, between my hand and the glass, while I cleared a way through the sharp bottle-ends for my other hand and my knees. This done, my great difficulty was vanquished; and I had only to drop luxuriously into a flower-bed on the other side of the wall.

Perfect stillness in the garden: no sign of a light anywhere at the back of the house: first-floor windows all shut; second-floor windows still open. I fetched the pruning-ladder; put it against the side of the porch; tied one end of my bit of rope to the top round of it; took the other end in my mouth, and prepared to climb to the balcony over the porch by the thick vine-branches and the trellis-work. No man who has had any real experience of life, can have failed to observe how amazingly close, in critical situations, the grotesque and the terrible, the comic and the serious, contrive to tread on each other's heels. At such times, the last thing we ought properly to think of comes into our heads, or the least consistent event that could possibly be expected to happen, does actually occur. When I put my life in danger on that memorable night, by putting my foot on the trellis-work, I absolutely thought of the never-dying Lady Malkinshaw plunged in refreshing slumber, and of the frantic exclamations Mr. Batterbury would utter if he saw what her ladyship's grandson was doing with his precious life and limbs at that critical moment. I am no hero—I was fully aware of the danger to which I was exposing myself; and yet I protest that I caught myself laughing under my breath, with the most outrageous inconsistency, at the instant when I began the ascent of the trellis-work.

I reached the balcony over the porch in safety, depending more upon the tough vine-

branches than the trellis-work, during my ascent. My next employment was to pull up the pruning-ladder, as softly as possible, by the rope which I held attached to it. This done, I put the ladder against the house wall, listened, measured the distance to the open second-floor window with my eye, listened again—and, finding all quiet, began my second and last ascent. The ladder was comfortably long, and I was comfortably tall; my hand was on the window-still—I mounted another two rounds—and my eyes were level with the interior of the room.

Suppose any one should be sleeping there! I listened at the window attentively before I ventured on taking my lantern out of my coat pocket. The night was so quiet and airless, that there was not the faintest rustle among the leaves in the garden beneath me to distract my attention. I listened. The breathing of the lightest of sleepers must have reached my ear, through that intense stillness, if the room had been a bedroom, and the bed were occupied. I heard nothing but the beat of my own heart. The minutes of suspense were passing heavily—I laid my other hand over the window-still, then a moment of doubt came—doubt whether I should carry the adventure any farther. I mastered my hesitation directly—it was too late then for second thoughts. “Now for it!” I whispered to myself, and got in at the window.

To wait listening again, in the darkness of that unknown region, was more than I had courage for. The moment I was down on the floor, I pulled the lantern out of my pocket, and raised the shade. So far, so good—I found myself in a dirty lumber room. Large pans, some of them cracked, and more of them broken; empty boxes bound with iron, of the same sort as those I had seen the workmen bringing in at the front gate; old coal sacks; a packing-case full of coke; and a huge, cracked, mouldy, blacksmith's bellows—these were the principal objects that I observed in the lumber-room. The one door leading out of it was open, as I had expected it would be, in order to let the air through the back window into the house. I took off my shoes; and stole into the passage. My first impulse, the moment I looked along it, was to shut down my lantern shade, and listen again.

Still I heard nothing; but at the far end of the passage, I saw a bright light pouring through the half-opened door of one of the mysterious front-rooms. I crept softly towards it. A decidedly chemical smell began to steal into my nostrils—and, listening again, I thought I heard, above me and in some distant room, a noise like the low growl

of a large furnace, muffled in some peculiar manner. Should I retrace my steps in that direction? No—not till I had seen something of the room with the bright light, outside of which I was now standing. I bent forward softly; looking by little and little farther and farther through the opening of the door, until my head and shoulders were fairly inside the room, and my eyes had convinced me that no living soul, sleeping or waking was in any part of it at that particular moment. Impelled by a fatal curiosity, I entered immediately, and began to look about me with eager eyes.

Iron ladles, large pans full of white sand, files with white metal left glittering in their teeth, moulds of plaster of Paris, bags containing the same material in powder, a powerful machine, with the name and use of which I was theoretically not unacquainted, white metal in a partially-fused state, bottles of aquafortis, dies scattered over a dresser, crucibles, sandpaper, bars of metal, and edged tools in plenty, of the strangest construction. I was not at all a particular man, as the reader knows by this time; but, when I looked at these objects, and thought of Laura, I could not for the life of me help shuddering. There was not the least doubt about it, even after the little I had seen: the important chemical pursuits to which Doctor Knapton was devoting himself meant, in plain English and in one word—Coining.

Did Laura know what I knew now, or did she only suspect it? Whichever way I answered that question in my own mind, I could be no longer at any loss for an explanation of her behavior in the meadow by the stream, or of that unnaturally gloomy, downcast look which overspread her face when her father's pursuits were the subject of conversation. Did I falter in my resolution to marry her, now that I had discovered what the obstacle was which had made mystery and wretchedness between us? Certainly not. I was above all prejudices. I was the least particular of mankind. I had no family affection in my way—and, greatest fact of all, I was in love. Under those circumstances what Rogue of any spirit would have faltered? After the first shock of the discovery was over, my resolution to be Laura's husband was settled more firmly than ever.

There was a little round table in a corner of the room farthest from the door, which I had not yet examined. A feverish longing to look at everything within my reach—to penetrate to the innermost recesses of the labyrinth in which I had involved myself—consumed me. I went to the table, and saw upon it, ranged symmetrically side by side, four objects which looked like thick rulers

wrapped up in silver paper. I opened the paper at the end of one of the rulers, and found that it was composed of half-crowns.

I had closed the paper again, and was just raising my head from the table over which it had been bent, when my right cheek came in contact with something hard and cold. I started back, looked up, and confronted Doctor Knapton, holding a pistol at my right temple.

He, too, had his shoes off; he, too, had come in without making the least noise. He cocked the pistol without saying a word. I felt that I was probably standing face to face with death, and I too said not a word. We two Rogues looked each other steadily and silently in the face—he, the mighty and prosperous villain, with my life in his hands: I, the abject and poor scamp, waiting his mercy.

It must have been some minutes after I heard the click of the cocked pistol before he spoke.

"How did you get here?" he asked.

The quiet, commonplace terms in which he put his question, and the perfect composure and politeness of his manner, reminded me a little of Gentleman Jones. But the doctor was much the more respectable-looking man of the two; his baldness was more intellectual and benevolent; there was a delicacy and propriety in the pulpiness of his fat, white chin, a bland bagginess in his unwhiskered cheeks, a reverent roughness about his eyebrows and fulness in his lower eyelids, which raised him far higher, physiognomically speaking, in the social scale, than my old prison acquaintance. Put a shovel-hat on Gentleman Jones, and the effect would only have been eccentric; put the same covering on the head of Doctor Knapton, and the effect would have been strictly episcopal.

"How did you get here?" he repeated, still without showing the least irritation.

I told him how I had got in at the second-floor window, without concealing a word of the truth. The gravity of the situation, and the sharpness of the doctor's intellects, as expressed in his eyes, made anything like a suppression of facts on my part a desperately dangerous experiment.

"You wanted to see what I was about up here, did you?" said he, when I had ended my confession. "Do you know?"

The pistol barrel touched my cheek as he said the last words. I thought of all the suspicious objects scattered about the room, of the probability that he was only putting the question to try my courage, of the very likely chance that he would shoot me forthwith if I began to prevaricate. I thought of these things, and boldly answered:

"Yes, I do know."

He looked at me reflectively; then said, in low, thoughtful tones, speaking, not to me, but entirely to himself:

"Suppose I shoot him!"

I saw in his eye that if I flinched he would draw the trigger.

"Suppose you trust me?" said I, without moving a muscle.

"I trusted you as an honest man, down stairs, and I find you like a thief, up here," returned the doctor, with a self-satisfied smile at the neatness of his own retort. "No," he continued, relapsing into soliloquy: "There is risk every way; but the least risk perhaps is to shoot him."

"Wrong," said I. "There are relations of mine who have a pecuniary interest in my life. I am the main condition of a contingent reversion in their favor. If I am missed, I shall be inquired after." I have wondered since at my own coolness in the face of the doctor's pistol; but my life depended on my keeping my self-possession, and the desperate nature of the situation lent me a desperate courage.

"How do I know you are speaking the truth?" said he.

"Have I not spoken the truth, hitherto?"

Those words made him hesitate. He lowered the pistol slowly to his side. I began to breathe freely.

"Trust me," I repeated. "If you don't believe I would hold my tongue about what I have seen here, for your sake, you may be certain that I would for—"

"For my daughter's," he interposed, with a sarcastic smile.

I bowed with all imaginable cordiality. The doctor waved his pistol in the air contemptuously.

"There are two ways of making you hold your tongue," he said. "The first is making a dead body of you; the second is making a felon of you. On consideration, after what you have said, the risk in either case seems about equal. I am naturally a humane man; your family have done me no injury; I will not be the cause of their losing money; I won't take your life, I'll have your character. We are all felons on this floor of the house. You have come among us—you shall be one of us. Ring that bell."

He pointed with the pistol to a bell-handle behind me. I pulled it in silence. Felon! The word has an ugly sound—a very ugly sound. But, considering how near the black curtain had been to falling over the adventurous drama of my life, had I any right to complain of the prolongation of the scene, however darkly it might look at first? Besides, some of the best feelings of our com-

mon nature (putting out of all question the value which men so unaccountably persist in setting on their own lives) impelled me, of necessity, to choose the alternative of felonious existence in preference to that of respectable death. Love and Honor bade me live to marry Laura; and a sense of family duty made me shrink from occasioning a loss of three thousand pounds to my affectionate sister. Perish the far-fetched scruples which would break the heart of one lovely woman, and scatter to the winds the pin-money of another!

"If you utter one word in contradiction of anything I say when my workmen come into the room," said the doctor, uncocking his pistol as soon as I had rung the bell, "I shall change my mind about leaving your life and taking your character. Remember that; and keep a guard on your tongue."

The door opened, and four men entered. One was an old man whom I had not seen before; in the other three I recognized the workmanlike footman, and the two sinister artisans whom I had met at the house-gate. They all started, guiltily enough, at seeing me.

"Let me introduce you," said the doctor, taking me by the arm. "Old File and Young File—Mill and Screw—Mr. Frank Softly. We have nicknames in this workshop, Mr. Softly, derived humorously from our professional tools and machinery. When you have been here long enough, you will get a nickname, too. Gentlemen," he continued, turning to the workmen, "this is a new recruit, with a knowledge of chemistry which will be useful to us. He is perfectly well aware that the nature of our vocation makes us suspicious of all new comers, and he, therefore, desires to give you a practical proof that he is to be depended on, by making half-a-crown immediately, and sending the same up, along with our handiwork, directed in his own handwriting to our estimable correspondents in London. When you have all seen him do this of his own free will, and thereby put his own life as completely within the power of the law, as we have put ours, you will know that he is really one of us, and will be under no apprehensions for the future. Take great pains with him, and as soon as he turns out a tolerably neat article, from the simple flatted plates, under your inspection, let me know. I shall take a few hours' repose on my camp-bed in the study, and shall be found there whenever you want me."

He nodded to us all around in the most friendly manner, and left the room. I looked with considerable secret distrust at the four gentlemen who were to instruct me in the art of making false coin. Young File was the

workmanlike footman; Old File was his father; Mill and Screw were the two sinister artisans. The man of the company whose looks I liked least, was Screw. He had wicked little twinkling eyes—and they followed me about treacherously whenever I moved. "You and I, Screw, are likely to quarrel," I thought to myself, as I tried vainly to stare him out of countenance.

I entered on my new and felonious functions forthwith. Resistance was useless, and calling for help would have been sheer insanity. It was midnight; and, even supposing the windows had not been barred, the house was a mile from any human habitation. Accordingly I abandoned myself to fate with my usual magnanimity. Only let me end in winning Laura, and I am resigned to the loss of whatever small shreds and patches of character still hang about me—such was my philosophy. I wish I could have taken higher moral ground with equally consoling results to my own feelings.

The same regard for the well-being of society which led me to abstain from entering into particulars on the subject of Old Master-making, when I was apprenticed to Mr. Ishmael Pickup, now commands me to be equally discreet on the kindred subject of Half-Crown-making, under the auspices of Old File, Young File, Mill and Screw. Let me merely record that I was a kind of machine in the hands of these four skilled workmen. I moved from room to room, and from process to process, the creature of their directing eyes and guiding hands. I cut myself, I burnt myself, I got speechless from fatigue, and giddy from want of sleep. In short, the sun of the new day was high in the heavens before it was necessary to disturb Doctor Knapton. It had absolutely taken me almost as long to manufacture a half-a-crown feloniously as it takes a respectable man to make it honestly. This is saying a great deal: but it is literally true for all that.

Looking quite fresh and rosy after his night's sleep, the doctor inspected my coin with the air of a schoolmaster examining a little boy's exercise; then handed it to Old File to put the finishing touches and correct the mistakes. It was afterwards returned to me. My own hand placed it in one of the rouleaux of false half-crowns; and my own hand also directed the spurious coin, when it had been safely packed up, to a certain London dealer who was to be on the lookout for it by the next night's mail. That done, my initiation was so far complete.

"I have sent for your luggage, and paid your bill at the inn," said the doctor; "of course in your name. You are now to enjoy the hospitality that I could not extend to you before. A room up-stairs has been prepared

for you. You are not exactly in a state of confinement; but, until your studies are completed, I think you had better not interrupt them by going out."

"A prisoner!" I exclaimed aghast.

"Prisoner is a hard word," answered the doctor. "Let us say, a guest under surveillance."

"Do you seriously mean that you intend to keep me shut up in this part of the house, at your will and pleasure?" I inquired, my heart sinking lower and lower at every word I spoke.

"It is very spacious and airy," said the doctor; "as for the lower part of the house, you would find no company there, so you can't want to go to it."

"No company!" I repeated faintly.

"No. My daughter went away this morning for change of air and scene, accompanied by my housekeeper. You look astonished, my dear sir—let me frankly explain myself. While you were the respectable son of Doctor Softly, and grandson of Lady Malkinshaw, I was ready enough to let my daughter associate with you, and should not have objected if you had married her off my hands into a highly-connected family. Now, however, when you are nothing but one of the workmen in my manufactory of money, your social position is seriously altered for the worse; and, as I could not possibly think of you for a son-in-law, I have considered it best to prevent all chance of your communicating with Laura again, by sending her away from this house while you are in it. You will be in it until I have completed certain business arrangements now in a forward state of progress—after that, you may go away if you please. Pray remember that you have to thank yourself for the position you now stand in; and do me the justice to admit that my conduct towards you is remarkably straightforward, and perfectly natural under all the circumstances."

These words fairly overwhelmed me. I did not even make an attempt to answer them. The hard trials to my courage, endurance, and physical strength, through which I had passed within the last twelve

hours, had completely exhausted all my powers of resistance. I went away speechless to my own room; and when I found myself alone there, burst out crying. Childish, was it not?

When I had been rested and strengthened by a few hours' sleep, I found myself able to confront the future with tolerable calmness. What would it be best for me to do? Ought I to attempt to make my escape? I did not despair of succeeding; but when I began to think of the consequences of success, I hesitated. My chief object now, was, not so much to secure my own freedom, as to find out where Laura was. I had never been so deeply and desperately in love with her as I was now, when I knew she was separated from me. Suppose I succeeded in escaping from the clutches of Doctor Knapton—might I not be casting myself uselessly on the world, without a chance of finding a single clue to trace her by? Suppose, on the other hand, that I remained for the present in the red-brick house—should I not by that course of conduct be putting myself in the best position for making discoveries? In the first place, there was the chance that Laura might find some secret means of communicating with me if I remained where I was. In the second place, the doctor would, in all probability, have occasion to write to his daughter, or would be likely to receive letters from her; and, if I quieted all suspicion on my account by docile behavior, and kept my eyes sharply on the lookout, I might find opportunities of surprising the secrets of his writing-desk. I felt that I need be under no restraints of honor with a man who was keeping me a prisoner, and who had made an accomplice of me by threatening my life. Accordingly, while resolving to show outwardly an amiable submission to my fate, I determined at the same time to keep secretly on the watch, and to take the very first chance of outwitting Doctor Knapton that might happen to present itself. When we next met, I was perfectly civil to him; and he congratulated me politely on the improvement for the better in my manners and appearance.

BITING THE THUMB.—The lower orders in Normandy and Brittany, and probably in other parts of France, when wishing to express the utmost contempt for a person, place the front teeth of the upper jaw between the nail and flesh of the thumb, the nail being turned inwards;

and then, disengaging the thumb with a sudden jerk, exclaim, "I don't care that for you," or words of similar import. Is not this the action alluded to by Shakespeare and other writers, as "biting the thumb?"—*Notes and Queries.*

A DEAD BABY.

LITTLE soul, that for so brief space entered
 In this little body, straight and chilly;
 Little life, that fluttered and departed
 Like a moth from a close-budded lily;
 Little being, without name or nation,
 Where is now thy place among creation?
 Little dark-lashed eyes, that never opened;
 Little mouth, by human food ne'er tainted;
 Little breast, that just once heaved, and settled
 In a marble slumber, white and sainted;
 Shall I e'er in future children's faces
 See some pretty look that thine retraces?

Is this thrill that quivers through my heart-strings,

And in dews beneath my eyelid gathers,
 Token of the bliss thou mightst have brought me?
 Dawning of the love they call a father's?
 Do I hear through this still room, a sighing,
 Like thy spirit to me its author crying?

Whence didst come, and whither take thy journey,

Little spirit, of me and mine created?
 Must thou lose us, and we thee, forever,
 Wondrous life, by minutes only dated?
 Or, new flesh assuming, as to prove us,
 In some other babe return and love us?

Know I not. What know we? Our beginnings,
 Like our endings, rest with the Life-sender,
 With whom nought is lost, and nought spent vainly.

Unto Him this little one I render.
 Hide the face—the tiny coffin cover.
 So—a year's dream—a year's hope, is over.

WATCH CRY.

FROM A GERMAN PATOIS SONG.

LISTEN, listen to the hour!

Ten strikes from the old church tower.
 Now pray, and then lie down to rest,
 Ye whose minds are calm and blest,
 Sleep soft and well—in Heaven bright
 An eye wakes for you all the night.

Listen, listen to the hour!

Eleven, from the old church tower.
 Ye who still more labor find,
 Ye who read with anxious mind,
 Once more to God in Heaven pray,—
 It is too late. Now sleep till day!

Listen, listen to the hour!

Twelve strikes from the old church tower.
 Ye whom midnight still doth find
 With aching heart and troubled mind,
 God grant you now a quiet hour,
 And guard and keep you by his power.

Listen, listen to the hour!

One strikes from the old church tower.
 Ye who now with shame and fear,
 Thieving, steal through pathways drear,—

I dare not hope,—but O! beware,
 Though none are nigh, your Judge is there.

Listen, listen to the hour!

Two strikes from the old church tower.
 Ye who, though 'tis nearly day,
 On your hearts let sorrow prey,
 Poor fools, repose and sleep are here,
 And God cares for you—do not fear.

Listen, listen to the hour!

Three strikes from the old church tower.
 The morning twilight fades away;
 Ye who dare to greet the day,
 Thank God, and fear not—all is well.
 Now go to work, and so farewell.

—Household Words.

PROF. SCHLAFHAUBE, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HEIDELBERG.

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.

LAZILY runs the tide of human life—

There is no effort in our German land—
 Of what avail are ceaseless toil and strife?
 Is there not time? Why move, if we can stand?
 There is no object the wide world can show
 Worth English hurry, sweat, and sore distress;
 Let the moons wane and wax, and come and go,
 And let us Germans doze in happiness!

Why should we turn and spin in frantic haste,
 When we have seventy years to live and dream?

Through cloud and vapor speed is perilous waste,—

Anchor the ship, there's fog upon the stream!
 And let us sit and smoke the live-long day,
 With deep-drawn whiffs, and drink the fatten-
 ing beer;

Gazing on earth, or on the wreathlets gray
 That curl above the pipes we love so dear.

Pipes! blessed pipes! There were no good on earth

Without tobacco. Give us that, and peace,
 A little sunshine, and the children's mirth;
 We'll ask no more! And if our wealth in-
 crease

Like growing corn—why, let it! We are glad!
 But trouble us, O men of other climes,
 No more with whistling steam, and efforts mad,
 That make us languish for the ancient times.

Perish the Sultan! What is he to us?

Let Russia flourish! Why should we com-
 plain?

Are we the avengers? Work thy pleasure, Russ!
 And let us smoke and sleep—and smoke
 again!

Firm as a rock let Germany endure;
 Not like a rocket blazing from the west;
 Japan in Europe—slow, but very sure.

O, give us pipes and peace, and let us rest!

—Charles Mackay.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE HOFRATH OF GRAFRATH.

VICTORIA governs in England —

"The lamb and lion bow beneath
The meek dominion of her eye;"

Napoleon rules in France; Leopold is king in Belgium, and Frederick-William in Prussia. But at Gräfrath, the Hofrath is king; he rules with undivided and unquestioned sway, and his subjects only dispute who shall do his bidding the most quickly and heartily.

We set out late in the autumn to do homage at his court; and crossing over the Channel at the narrowest point, arrived, after a couple of days, at Gräfrath, a little village twelve miles east of Dusseldorf, in the Prussian dominions, and within sight of the Rhine. Dr. de Leuw was created Hofrath (court councillor) by the king of Hanover. He was surgeon in the Prussian army, when, many years ago, the ophthalmia broke out amongst the men. This circumstance led his attention especially to the structure and diseases of the eye: and a powerful mind, large experience, and a skillful hand, have rendered him a most accomplished oculist.

The village of Gräfrath contains nothing remarkable, except its monarch. It lies in a hollow, amongst green hills, covered with fields and scattered with trees. The houses, built of wood and plaster, or rough stone, look as if they might have been taken out of a box of German toys, and tossed on the ground by chance. The narrow streets wind in and out amongst them by no particular rule, and the gable-ends are mostly turned to the passenger. There is an open space in front of the two churches, Catholic and Protestant, in the middle of which is an ever-flowing fountain of fresh water, and tanks in which the natives wash their clothes, vegetables, and many other articles.

Our business being with the Hofrath, we alighted at the hotel, where as many of his patients reside as can be received. In the summer, it is quite insufficient to accommodate them. We were asked to walk up stairs, and found a good sized dining-room, containing as furniture only a long table, chairs, and a time-piece for ornament, but not for use. Several persons were there sitting or walking about, and when all eyes turned on the fresh arrivals, we felt somewhat embarrassed, till a young lady approached

and politely asked us if we had come to see the Hofrath. She advised us to send our names to him by Schneider. Now, we did not know who Schneider was, which seemed to her, I perceived, a pitiable state of ignorance. However, instructed by our new friend, we gave our names to the mistress of the hotel, as Schneider was not at hand. We then returned to the salon, and soon grew more familiar with its inmates. First, we were informed that it was quite uncertain when we should gain the much-desired audience; the Hofrath was no respecter of persons. Lord — and the Bishop of — had been there; they were forced to wait for hours, and sometimes days. No letters of introduction were available; but if we had patience, our time would come.

All agreed that the Hofrath was the first man in the world in his department, and that our coming there was the wisest thing we could possibly have done. Now and then the door opened, and there was excitement on every face. It was Schneider, a little shabby man, who has lost an eye, with a great German pipe in his mouth. He is prime-minister to the Hofrath. He pointed straight to some favored individual, who immediately with a joyful countenance rose and followed him. His moment of audience was come. But no such moment came for us; and after hours of vain expectation, we were informed by the prime-minister aforesaid, in very imperfect French, that Lundi might prove more propitious to us. So, as this was Samedi, we determined to return to our luxuriant hotel at Dusseldorf, and revisit Gräfrath Lundi, when Miss Flick said, in tolerable English, "I shall find you a room."

Lundi found us in the salon before breakfast was quite discussed, and there was no room yet ready for us. A party was soon going off, then the rooms had to be cleaned, after which we might hope for a local habitation. In an hour or two more, we were asked down stairs, where, on the ground-floor, and close to the back-door, two little rooms were shown us, the floors of which were beneath the level of the little back-yard seen from the windows. The first had two little beds in it; the second was a tiny sitting-room; and an iron stove was placed in such a manner as to warm them both. They had the rare luxury of a little bit of very shabby carpet in each, and there were three large

windows, draped with elegant muslin curtains. These we would willingly have exchanged for the commonest blinds, seeing that to shut the shutters left us in the dark, and to open them was to dress in public; because the high road to the kitchen passed under the window, and there was a constant traffic on it; besides that a party of washerwomen were mostly up to their elbows at work between our window and the road above mentioned. However, these were all minor considerations, and we soon learned to be quite contented with our accommodations; especially as our turn came at length, and we were ushered by the redoubtable Schneider himself into the august presence.

The Hofrath retains two apartments in the hotel for his own use. It is said that the house was once his residence. He now lives at the other end of the village, but spends the greater part of the day here. His hall of audience is most unpretending; its only ornaments are various paintings on the walls; some are landscapes, by one of his sons, fine engravings of the king of Hanover and his family, some votive-offerings from his grateful patients; and I noticed near the door, framed and glazed like the rest, the rendering by Punch of Lord John Russell's return from Vienna with "no answer!" It is perhaps as well that there is no carpet, for one large dog and one enormous ditto roll on the floor, not seldom picking a bone together. A parrot in a brass cage is on the deal table, a heap of papers, and an inkstand of unquestioned antiquity, but without any dignity in its old age. It is said that several handsome writing equipages have been presented, but this old favorite is not displaced by them.

The Hofrath himself is a fine-looking gentlemanly man of sixty-three, with abundance of gray hair, and very agreeable simple manners. There is something about him which immediately commands respect and confidence. The influence which he exerts over the minds of his patients is really marvellous, and at once proves the force of real genius. We had every reason ourselves in this interview, and every subsequent one, to be more than satisfied with his attention, knowledge, and kindness. He has no particular or secret methods in his practice, and never resorts to severe treatment, such as blisters, leeches, or calomel; he gives very gentle medicine, uses external remedies (it is said they are all of

vegetable origin) pretty freely, and if operations are necessary, resorts to them with decision, and the utmost skill. He practises himself, and recommends to his patients, a rigidly temperate diet, and enjoins great strictness not to expose weak eyes to the influence of cold winds. When these prevail, his patients are strictly ordered to keep the house. No sort of guards are allowed in the form of spectacles, only a simple shade from the light.

There is no similarity to be observed in the directions given to different cases. One patient is to do nothing, stay in a shaded room, and save his eyes as much as possible; another is desired to read, write, or draw as long as he likes without fatigue, even by candle-light; and these last have sometimes experienced most happy results. Patients who have been saving their eyes for years, and were gradually getting worse, brought him new proofs of their doings, which he received with great approbation; never more so than when they took the shape of garments for the poor, which he is very happy to distribute among his numerous pauper patients.

He is a most diligent laborer, and gets through a great amount of practice, as any one may see for himself by the crowded state of the hall or passage, and the paupers' room, every morning. Those who do not lodge in the house have no resource but to sit or stand—for there are only two chairs—in this passage till they are called. The poor people one meets all about the village, wearing their shades, and led about by those who can see best; and there are some affecting instances of persons finding their way to Gräfrath, in the earnest hope of benefit, and having nothing to subsist on while their case is in hand. For these, there is a fund, and many liberal givers among their richer fellow-sufferers. The Hofrath gives them medicines and advice most liberally, and seems to have a particular pleasure in proving how equally he holds his patients, not unfrequently having a crowd of his gratis subjects about him, while some perhaps titled persons are in the same room waiting for their turn. Some of his English visitors have been known to take offence at this; but when expostulated with, he has only mildly answered, that such individuals were quite welcome to withdraw if they felt the company unpleasant.

The great man Schneider was once con-

victed of having taken bribes from some of the impatient patients, in hopes of obtaining an earlier call to his master; upon which he received an immediate dismissal from office. It is said that he sat in front of the house for a week, shedding tears of humiliation and repentance, at the end of which time the Hofrath relented, and, on promise of amendment, received him again into favor.

To those who reside at the hotel, however, the tedium of waiting is greatly alleviated by sitting in a pleasant salon, which commands an extensive prospect, and enjoying agreeable society, rendered still more interesting by its including so many fellow-sufferers. These can compare symptoms, and often gather encouragement from their neighbors, or congratulate themselves on being in a more hopeful condition. One very favorite topic amongst them was praise of the Hofrath, which was literally in every mouth; and we have smiled to hear the names of all the best oculists in Paris, London, Dublin, or Berlin, canvassed by their old patients, and set aside in a tone almost contemptuous. If any rash individual at such a moment had questioned the Hofrath's right to reign over them all, and thrown down the gauntlet, it would have been eagerly scrambled for, and he would have been esteemed a fortunate individual who succeeded in obtaining it, and thus earned the right of maintaining the honor and skill of the Hofrath, at all times and places, before any person whatever.

Time would fail to tell of the numerous and wonderful cases which he is reported to have led to a successful result, after other oculists had given them up as hopeless. They passed from mouth to mouth, and met us at every turn. Making all due allowance for the enthusiasm of gratitude or hope, a full remainder exists to stamp the Hofrath as an eminently successful practitioner.

We were a polyglot company in that unadorned dining-room. An attentive listener might often hear in use at the same moment the French, German, Dutch, and English languages, the last with Irish variations. One gentleman gave us a daily digest of the *Times* and the latest news from Sebastopol; and another was in great spirits because the Hofrath praised the state of his eyes, and gave him hope of one day seeing the light again. This individual had been to Solingen, a town within walking distance, and brought back curious and bizarre articles of German

cutlery. An interesting German lady handed a beautiful dish of fruit sent from her country-home, for which we could return only a grateful smile. A Dutch and an English lady compared their Swiss sketches, which were alike, yet very different. One gentleman was suspected of drawing likenesses (perhaps caricatures) in his commonplace-book, when the thing in question proved to be only a sketch of himself in his German bed!

But there was one individual, a puzzle to everybody, who appeared one morning at breakfast, and soon gained universal favor. He could converse agreeably with any one, in any language, on almost any subject, and he had been almost everywhere. His manners were as simple and engaging as his knowledge was extensive. He came to Gräfrath, like the rest, to consult the Hofrath about his eyes, and this circumstance seemed the only thing about him the most curious could be certain of.

But time wore on, and we must think of our return, especially as the winter was coming, and the Hofrath did not encourage our longer stay. He gave us prescriptions and instructions, desired us to take great care of all the power we had left, and to hope we might retain it. He received with thanks his moderate fee—one dollar or 3s. for each consultation, and a present to his charity-box. So we took our leave of him and of the friendly circle above stairs with hearty goodwill and good wishes.

On our journey home, we lingered here and there in the purple twilight of the lofty cathedrals, or passed through long picture-galleries, sighing that we could give only a few moments to immortal works on which their authors had bestowed the labor of years. Nor did we omit a visit to Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, where, amongst the Sisters of Charity, Miss Nightingale learned those lessons she has since had but too good an opportunity of putting in practice.

Thus we reached the border of the sea; and, stepping on board the packet, a breeze

"That rolled from out the gorgeous gloom
Of evening"

soon breathed us over to our native land.

We thankfully trod again the solid ground of England, but shall ever think of the wise and good Haf-rath, and his little court at Gräfrath, with grateful and loving remembrance.

From The Times, 20 March,

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

A POET describes and excuses the pleasure with which a spectator on shore may watch the distress of a crew whom winds and waves are driving to destruction. There is another contrast, however, not so agreeable. It is when you are yourself on the treacherous element, when every rope and spar of your ship is reflected on the unruffled surface, and your sails hang limp from the yards; but, at no great distance, nearer and still nearer, sea and sky meet in one dark line, an undulation is evident in the one, the other closes around you, and in five minutes you know that every yard of loose canvas will be rent into tatters, your good ship be laid on its beam-ends, and your quivering masts will either go overboard or drag you to the bottom. It is no great exaggeration to say that this is a fair account of the English and the American mind at this moment. Nothing can exceed the perfect placidity, the earnest wish to give no offence, the utter absence of envy, malice, or other ill-feeling on the part of the British public towards our Republican cousins. We are honestly and unreservedly wishing them all happiness and honor; double and treble their present population; "affluence beyond the dreams of avarice;" the whole continent of America, if they can come by it honestly, naturally, and quietly; everything, in fact, that we should ourselves desire in their situation. There is not a lurking feeling the other way in the soul of one healthy, sane Englishman. We all hear, indeed, with regret, that there is a difference of opinion as to a treaty which not one Englishman in a thousand knows anything about, and that the Government of the United States conceives that our Government has shown a want of proper respect in trying to recruit our army from their territory. But the only feeling awakened by the intelligence is a hope that where no offence is meant none will be taken, and that we shall not be such fools as to quarrel about nothing at all. On the other hand, as we look across the Atlantic, it is impossible not to see that a storm is brewing. The journals are full of angry menace and hostile calculations. The Senate and House of Representatives are in continual debate; a million sterling has been voted for steam sloops of war, and every American is evidently under the impression that all the world is watching the progress of the quarrel. Such is the dark side of the picture, and we frankly confess that we watch the darkening of the ocean and the lowering of the sky with no small uneasiness.

Under these circumstances all that we want is that the state of English feeling

should be known across the Atlantic. When a misunderstanding has risen up between Mrs. A and Lady B — two excellent country neighbors — all about nothing at all, and with no wish except to be friends, the object is to let Mrs. A know how unwilling to quarrel Lady B really is, and *vice versa*. The object is to avert that day when, after months or years of cold estrangement or bitter recriminations, not to say common discredit, Mrs. A and Lady B will meet at last and discover that they have been under the grossest misapprehensions, and have made great fools of themselves, for the amusement of low people and scandalmongers. Should matters now ripen or rot into war, and should two great nations spend £50,000,000 a-piece, and five years or more in tearing one another to pieces, in capturing merchantmen, burning ports, and blackening the character of the Anglo-Saxon race, as it is called, we shall only have to patch up a peace at last, with the unpleasant feeling that we might have spared ourselves all this trouble, cost, and disgrace, had we but known one another a little better. Now is the time, then, for those Americans who do know a little of this country to speak a word for us, at least for our extreme indisposition to quarrel, and our wish to show every possible respect to the United States. We observe with great pleasure that Mr. Seward in the Senate, and our old friend General Webb, who knows a little of this country, and with whom we had a few passages, have the courage to say that they think, in the utter absence of ill intention, there is sufficient ground in the present state of both difficulties for friendly conference. As to the great Central American mystery — for such it is to the British public, and ever will be — it is now admitted, say both these gentlemen, that the British Government has offered to refer it to arbitration. The fact was disputed, but, as there can no longer be a doubt about it, the present question is whether the United States Government will agree to an arbitration or not; and we cannot conceive their refusing, except on grounds which would prevent arbitration on all questions whatever. That is the present state of this question, and we presume a satisfactory one, as far as we are concerned; for, should a war unhappily arise, and the blood of half-a-million people lie on somebody's hands, we shall feel much less uncomfortable to reflect that before beginning we had offered arbitration, and that the Americans point-blank refused it. We quite agree with General Webb that "it is unfortunate there should have been any mistake or misunderstanding in regard to this offer of mediation." "But, the whole matter being now fairly before the

country,"—we are quoting General Webb's words,—“these mistakes are of no further importance, and mediation follows of course.” The Americans, indeed, it appears, have a feeling that there is no umpire whom we should accept and who would not have a leaning against them; but, for our part, we are wholly at a loss to know what potentate on the face of the earth the Americans consider so particularly well disposed to British interests as, for our sake, to sacrifice character, truth, and the respect of the American people.

It is alleged by one party of American politicians, and scarcely disguised by the other, that the most serious obstacle to the reception of Lord Clarendon's explanations in the matter of the enlistment is, that in the same letter he reflected on the conduct of the United States' Government in the recent trials. One Senator goes so far as to say that his remarks on this point added insult to injury. Of course, we must admit the general rule that an explanation, in the nature of an apology, ought to be as simple as possible, and calculated to heal every sore, rather than open a fresh one. No doubt, the gratuitous introduction of a disagreeable topic goes very far to mar the grace and destroy the force of an apology; but, on the other hand, it must be considered that it was not Lord Clarendon who introduced the topic of the trials in question, but Mr. Marcy, who offered the report of these trials as evidence of a breach of international law. Lord Clarendon denied that he or our Minister in the States had committed any such breach of the law, and thereby offended against the sovereignty of the United States. He had, therefore, no alternative but to except to the evidence—evidence which, for the sake of truth, we must call very repugnant to English notions of justice. There are passages in Lord Clarendon's letters that might be open to exception, particularly when he seems to intimate that the United States had departed from their professed neutrality in permitting the supply of gunpowder and other materials of war to Russia. But a perusal of the correspondence shows too clearly that the matter of the misunderstanding is not simple, but various and miscellaneous. It indicates the existence of a group of unsettled questions, as Mr. Buchanan expressed it at the Mansion-house. There is a running account between the two Governments, and Lord Clarendon, while explaining the real extent of the enormities ascribed to his own Government, and having to rebut an exaggerated estimate, founded on certain legal proceedings, very naturally stated his own estimate of those proceedings. Had he held silence about them, he would have been

set down as fully committed to their fairness and the political consequences founded upon them. It may be very unpleasant, very undignified, and very quarrelsome to be glancing from one disagreeable topic to another, and explaining and recriminating in the same breath; but there is no help for it under certain circumstances, and we are disposed to fear it must always be the case between us and our Transatlantic cousins. There are apologies to be made on both sides; and, if ever the United States do condescend to arbitrate, the referees ought to take the whole “group” of difficulties between us fairly in hand, and dispose of them all by an apology to be made by both sides, in words as comprehensive and emphatic as the English language can supply.

OUR FALSE POSITION WITH AMERICA.

To those who judge only by the surface, the latest accounts from the United States will appear to represent a decline of irritated feeling against this country; yet other accounts, which we have reason to think trustworthy, would lead us to believe, that instead of declining, the feelings of vexation increase. Professedly, Mr. Seward and others of the Republican or Free-Soil party would drive the Government into enforcing at once the American interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the abandonment of the English claims. There is some reason, however, to doubt whether all this show of warlike temper really means what it professes to be. Hostility towards England has always constituted one element in the political capital of the Democratic party; the party thus makes its rival the Conservative party hold it back, and so save the Democrats themselves from the consequences of their own declarations. The ultra-Democrats are constantly going to be heroic, while the Whigs are as constantly exhibited in the act of preventing them. Now the Democratic party was in this respect foiled by the proceedings of the Administration, which probably intended to talk daggers but not to use them. It was dodge for dodge; and by the course which the Seward party have taken, they force the administrative party to the test. This will account for the more moderate tone which the administrative party is found taking in the reports just received.

But the whole question of hostility or no hostility has been created on this side. As a people, the Yankees have very little care about Central America, or any other outside question. There always is a horde of adventurers willing to seek their fortune by the sword, by intrigue, by playing the cuckoo

with some adjacent state, or by any other move: these people constitute a class whom the American Government is powerless to restrain; but they represent a national tendency rather than a national action. Their restraint is a question of police rather than of international law. They may be a nuisance to their neighbors, but treaties, or navies, or any other great imperial action, can no more keep them in check than they could keep in check the passenger-pigeons of the West or the locusts of the East. We should do quite as much in that way by a friendly demeanor, bespeaking the coöperation of the Government and of the moderate part of the American people, as we can do by bluster. Bluster, therefore, is only surplussage, under cover of which indiscreet men could appeal to blows and embroil the two countries in a war which the real public on either side would abominate as a calamity and a loss. If the object is to restrain the Yankees in Central America, let us endeavor to do so, but endeavor by the most practical means, and not by means which will at once give the adventurers their opportunity in the shape of war, while it would hand over New York and Liverpool to pirates, and sow beggary broadcast in Florida and Lancashire.

This is a subject as vital to the interests of our public as to the Americans; but we are under the dominion of a certain fashion, by favor of which, at present, our journalists, without thinking of the serious consequences that may attend an irresponsible use of the pen, are making displays of a hostile spirit towards America which mean little at the bottom but are very irritating. Now there are many men in that country who look to the question entirely as a matter of business; who sympathize with our own sober citizens in desiring to put a control upon the follies of officials and the offences of adventurers, but who find in this bluster of the press a counteraction instead of an aid. The bullying articles that we export are a justification for bullying articles on that side, and for bullying speeches in Congress; and our own statesmen derive in turn a justification from the bullying they have provoked. The sober men on the other side have their coadjutors here, appearances notwithstanding; but the dust that the noisy folks are suffered to raise hides those two practical parties from each other's sight. As to the "questions" between the two countries, they are not in themselves difficult. There are real difficulties to be overcome, but they may be overcome. The greatest chance to procure a settlement in either case would be a fair discussion and an appeal to the spirit of justice on both

sides. Nothing hinders that appeal but the bluster, and nothing, we truly believe, permits the blustering to have been called forth, but the passive ignorance or indifference of the English public. — *Spectator*, 15 March.

From The Times, 21 March.

THE SON OF THE NEPHEW.

THE greater part of mankind peruse with no very deep interest the congratulations that hail the domestic events of powerful and fortunate families. Envy is sure to have some place in the feelings with which those on the common level regard the condition of the great, and envy extinguishes those sympathies which we can sometimes feel even for a rival or a foe. No wonder, then, that the language of congratulation should be almost extinct; that the folio volumes of *Gaudia* and *Luctus*, to which all the choicest spirits of their age used to contribute, are only taken down from the shelves of a public library to amuse a cynical taste; and that poet laureates refuse to be crowned till they have been excused the burden of one ode a-year. Sovereigns, it is assumed, can take care of themselves, and need but small sympathy, either in weal or in woe. "It is difficult to regard them in domestic relations at all; or as finding their sphere either of pleasure or of duty in the ordinary occasions of life. But this apathy, this distance, though it affects to be natural and universal, has no truth or sanction; it is no more to be respected than the equal indifference with which men regard the condition of the great working and suffering multitude; it is founded upon ignorance not only of historical truth but of natural laws." The truth is that, disdain it as we will, the happiness of nations and of continents is, in fact, bound up in the incidents of particular families as much as in the character of individual men; nor is it less a truth that princes are but men, and that when they have won or lost the game of empire, — when a world is bringing them its homage, or a mob is seeking their lives, — in their palmiest hour, or in their darkest, kind Nature reasserts her claim, and makes their joys and sorrows those of ordinary mortals, caring most of all for wives, children, brothers, sisters, and dear friends. These affections once implanted, power and glitter cannot crush them. Under the crown and rod of iron they hold their golden sway; they modify the largest policy, and sometimes mitigate the harshest. The simple crowd that gapes on pomp is less deceived than the politician who forgets either that princes are men or that their lives are history.

If a style characteristic and natural be a

proof of sincerity, it is not wanting in any one of the addresses published in the *Moniteur*. The European Congress, by a happy coincidence assembled in the very palace where that event had taken place, sees in the consolidation of the Napoleon dynasty a new pledge of safety and confidence to the whole world. The President of the Senate quotes Grotius, takes a prophetic survey of the French empire at the end of the 19th century, reverts to the crusades, glances at Africa, sees the reunion of the East and the West in the projected canal of Suez, and evidently longs for the license of verse to hail the infant Pollio in suitable terms. The Legislative Body dwells more soberly, but not less earnestly, on the triumph of order and law, on the balance of power, and the interests of international equity reasserted in Europe. Everybody, in succession, has something to say, in which it could not easily have been anticipated, difficult as it may be to treat in a distinct way an event which has one meaning for all. We have already dwelt on the actual novelty and the various uncertainties of this event; that it is more than two centuries since a Sovereign of France was succeeded by his son; that, doubtless, to this singular fatality may be ascribed no small part of the misfortunes of the country; and that it is more than 40 years since the birth of an "Infant of France." That the child now born should live to fulfil the bright anticipations of its numerous well-wishers is a blessing almost too unprecedented to be prayed for; but in that novelty, in the misfortunes of the French throne and the French nation, in those defaults of lineage which have conspired so long and so miserably with the characteristic caprice of that excitable people, we see the reason for the earnestness of these prayers. Men do not pray for what is certain. They scarcely pray for what they think they can rely on. They pray for those things of which they have hitherto been continually disappointed. It is true that there are factions in France who cast their hopes elsewhere, who pray for the restoration of exiles, or of a republic. That only contributes to the interest of an event with so many consequences and such great uncertainties. The Napoleon born last Sunday morning may be crowned the fourth of his line, and may reign more gloriously, more wisely, more beneficently than his predecessors; or may add one more to the Pretenders of France. At this moment no one can doubt which way lies the interest of France and of Europe. That is the evident feeling of the addresses before us, and gives them an unmistakable sincerity.

The Emperor, on the other hand, speaks like one within reach of a great destiny,

which many others had forfeited. His replies are deeply marked with the lessons of a gloomy experience, and their tone offers a striking contrast with that of a certain State elsewhere, which, in its youth and vigor, in the vastness of its territory, the increase of its population, and its unbounded wealth, defies fate to do its worst, and means to appropriate half the world. The imperial father gravely and sadly undertakes to imbue his son with the idea that nations must not be egotistical, and that the peace of Europe depends upon the prosperity of each nation. No one can object to the modest and reasonable sense in which the Emperor continues the title of "Infant of France," as the son of the whole country, the elect of the whole nation, the first citizen of the State, and the representative of the interests of all. He courageously looks back on the fate of those born in the same place under similar circumstances. After forty years of martyrdom Providence has mysteriously brought his family and France to a similar occasion of hopes and thanksgiving. In 1856 we are brought back to the year 1811, and France sees the birth of an heir to the dynasty of her choice. "But history," he says, "has lessons which he will never forget. It tells, on the one hand, that we should never abuse the favors of fortune; on the other, that a dynasty has only a chance of stability when it remains faithful to its origin, and when it occupies itself solely with the popular interests for which it was created." There have been times when such professions would hardly have been believed, but at this moment no one doubts that the Emperor wishes for anything rather than war, though it were ever so successful. His heart is in the material improvement of France, in the decoration of its fair capital, in the extension of its trade and commerce, and in all that we call social progress. For the sake of this noble ambition, and that it may not pass away with him, we join our prayers to the rest, that the infant Napoleon, born in a season of returning peace and prosperity, amid acts of clemency and universal greetings, may break the unhappy spell which thwarted the course of so many of his predecessors, and live long a wise and good Emperor of France.

From The Examiner, 22 March.

THE SON OF NAPOLEON III.

It is nearly half a century since Paris heard the hundred and one guns which announced the birth of the King of Rome. No Frenchman, recording or remembering that time, can avoid bearing witness to the universal enthusiasm which welcomed the event, and which carried along with it even such

anti-Bonapartists as Chateaubriand. The birth of an heir marked the zenith of imperial grandeur. Wagram and Friedland had come, and the names of Moskowa and the Berezina had not yet resounded in history. There was no throne in the world so puissant, and none to all appearance more permanent. Yet in two or three years that mighty edifice crumbled. The sands of the desert do not more completely overwhelm those pompous cities which man's overweening power may have raised in their region, than the cloud and whirlwind of events overcame the government of the first Napoleon.

Yet the foundations of his empire remained. Those only on which a new monarchy can ever assume to be built are national glory or national freedom; and the Bourbons, to whom the opportunity has since been given more than once, refuse to build honestly upon either. Even Louis Philippe established, after all, but a kind of bastard absolutism, throughout which his own obstinate and ignoble will claimed the power to dominate uncontrolled. Events then opened the way for the nephew and heir of Napoleon; and, in spite of the circumstances attending his seizure of supreme power, the great majority of those who feel much more than they know or think undoubtedly welcomed his accession as an act of just homage and grateful restitution. On the other hand, all the educated and the enlightened, all those classes to whom freedom of thought and its expression are among the necessities of life, looked upon the tyranny which would even momentarily have proscribed these, with horror, indignation, and shame.

Nevertheless that proscription, we grieve to say, remains still but little altered. A considerable and unlooked-for degree of caution and wisdom in domestic administration, joined with a decided, a manly, and even a liberal foreign policy, has instilled confidence into friends, and filled enemies with respect. A successful war, moreover, has crowned all this with no little glory. It has once more shown a Napoleon raising, organizing, and directing armies, to great military achievements and greater political results. The French peasant, by whose suffrage such a prince became Emperor, is more than ever proud of his vote; and the army itself feels a hand that can guide and can reward it. But we must not knowingly conceal from ourselves the reverse of the picture.

All these merits and qualities, we are bound to remember, were a hundred-fold greater in the first Napoleon. His army and his people adored him. The enthusiasm he excited was joined in even by the young of the middle and educated classes. Yet in the disasters of 1813 and 1814 their adhesion

could not strengthen or save his empire. It was then seen that, however attractive for a time, national glory itself does not offer any solid foundation for the establishment of a new dynasty. What merely soothes the pride or tickles the vanity of a people is not sufficient to replace that old hereditary feeling of loyalty which will never again be seen revived in France. The elder Bourbons, notwithstanding, were indignant that this feeling did not spring up at their mere approach; and up to this time it would seem as if even Napoleon III. thought himself hardly less entitled, by dint of mere name and descent, to reverence and to prestige.

The mistake is not likely to be less fatal in one case than it has proved in the other. If Napoleon III. is to establish a dynasty, and have it continued upon the French throne, invoking hereditary claims will not do it. These indeed have sufficed to place him upon the throne; but it is for himself now to secure that throne by consulting the feelings and the pride, as well as the material wants, of the people he reigns over. No man knows better than himself, as all his public addresses demonstrate, that half a century has made an enormous change in the requirements, if not the character, of Frenchmen; but the time has now arrived when he must accept this truth to the full, and act frankly upon it. To suppose that the immense body of the enlightened French will rest for many years contented under a servitude which deprives them of the better part of manhood, in an age when the entire population of countries like England and America are free, and while even Belgians, Spaniards, and Piedmontese, the people in the immediate vicinity of France, have each their something of a constitution after its kind, is a manifest and utter absurdity. That the French will continue to acquiesce in the Government that so condemns them to be children, when the natives of all other countries are permitted to be men, is too preposterous a hope to be entertained by any prince or politician in a state of sanity.

Nor is so evident a truth likely at this particular crisis, we think, to escape so shrewd a man as Louis Napoleon. Now is the opportunity come, if he has but the wisdom to seize it. He might in all probability, if a son had not been born to him, have enjoyed for his lifetime the absolute power he wields. Many who abhor him would have continued to tolerate him as a necessity. But the pretension to perpetuate such a rule as that of his present domestic government, by attempting to bequeath it to a successor, is something at once monstrous and absurd. We cannot therefore but hail the birth of a prince as an event likely to awaken his father to the plain

necessity which parents in all ranks feel, of providing by timely and wise arrangements for the safety of their offspring.

Never was a monarch better placed than Napoleon III. to found a dynasty on the union of national glory with national freedom. The Bourbons could do nothing for the one, and were too unpopular, in consequence, to be able without peril to develop the other. The Bourbons are now also in a worse position than before. The inheritance of their claim falls to the princes of the House of Orleans. Yet these very princes, by their fusion with the Legitimists and their submission to the Count de Chambord, have broadly disavowed the constitutional principle and party. The Bonapartes have but to put themselves in harmony with the sentiments and progress, not of France only but the world, and they will have no competitors in establishing their dynasty in France.

Without this, the birth of a prince is a fresh element of insecurity; with it, the imperial heir will bring the safest pledge for continuance. It is in the Emperor's power to make the event of Palm Sunday either like the birth of the King of Rome, a mere lightning stroke to dazzle for a moment and then become extinct; or like the birth of a fourth Henry, whose posterity governed France for two centuries, and might have still governed it had they built on the foundation we have indicated of national freedom as well as of national glory.

From The Spectator, 22 March.

THE HOROSCOPE.

If the horoscope of the young Prince Imperial of France were calculated from precedents, we should have to prophesy dethronement and exile; for since the immediate successor of the Grand Monarque, there has not been a single heir to the throne of France that has not known the depths of vicissitude, in exile from throne or country or from both. It is a fearful fate that a man should be born to come after Louis the Sixteenth, who died on the scaffold; Louis the Seventeenth, who died somewhere scarcely known; Napoleon the First, who died in the prison-island of St. Helena; Napoleon the Second, who died as Duke of Reichstadt, at Vienna; Louis the Eighteenth, whose throne was the sport of Fortune; Charles the Tenth, who died in disrowned expatriation; Louis Philippe, who died as "Mr. Smith"; Henry the Fifth, who is dead in his own lifetime; and it is a fearful thing to succeed to the vicissitudes and responsibilities of Napoleon the Third. But all human things come to an end—even chains of misfortune.

If anything might be taken as a prognostic that the series of calamities which have attended the heirs-apparent of France would here be interrupted, it might be found in the moral bravery with which Napoleon the Third confronts the truth and seizes this very occasion to be himself the man to remind the world of it. He who can thus grapple with the appearances as well as the realities of the day, is likely enough to have some influence on the dynasty of which he is at once the heir and the originator. It will not be the first time that Louis Napoleon finds himself consciously assisting in the works of Providence. He has crowded everything around the infant to sustain the dynastic character of his heir. The ceremonies of the Napoleonic régime, of the Capet dynasty, are mingled with the traditions of Charlemagne. The associations of peace, represented by the Conference which brings the congratulations of Europe, are interwoven with the associations of war, reviving the military greatness of the French people. The Emperor gathers round him the officers of state; and he welcomes to the cradle of the child, after an ancient fashion, the "dames de la halle," who bring bouquets for its adornment. The vote of eight millions is called out from the past to be combined with the benediction of a Pope, conveyed to the cradle "by electricity"; and the birth of the child is associated with the prosperity which France has already enjoyed, and which is to be extended to the rest of Europe by peace.

How little of this is "dynastic"! How little of it depends upon the past duration of the family now occupying the French throne! How little is brought about by the simple fact that the infant is born! In this country, when Prince Albert Edward entered the world, he entered ipso facto upon his rights as Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and King of England in prospect. In Austria, the succession has been diverted from the direct channel, or rather the succession has been anticipated; but each child born in the Imperial family succeeds to a high probability of succession, upon which an insurance-office would not put a very high rate of premium. And so all round. But in France the position has been made by Louis Napoleon. Abstract the man, leave the infant, and what becomes of the fabric? It has been the result of constant interruptions to the succession, that the position in France must necessarily have been made by the man who ruled at the time, whether the man were Napoleon, Talleyrand, Polignac, Louis Philippe, or Guizot. Louis Philippe had a more colorable title to the French throne, given to him impromptu by Lafayette; but as soon as his

business faculties declined, he toppled from the restless seat.

There are nearly forty-eight years of difference between Napoleon the Third and Napoleon the Fourth: will the vigor of the father, to say nothing of his life, endure till the son is capable of taking a firm seat upon the throne and maintaining himself there by his own will and intellect? Has Napoleon near him the man who could be guardian to the minor — the statesman potentate who can be trustee for the Napoleonic will during a minority? — Certainly not in his own family. He has always been supported by his own set, the Bonapartists, the army, latterly perhaps by the community at large; but he still finds alienated from him the intellect of France, exiled, in disgrace, or in voluntary discontented retreat. It is a large defect in his following. Will he make a system which shall proceed by its own momentum? He has created a "prosperity" for France, some of it fictitious, some of it real; he has taught the French people to invest their means instead of hoarding; and much of the commercial movement that we see in that country is vital. He has mobilized the stocking of the thrifty but not heretofore commercial French. He has also set a-going those vast joint-stock speculations; and the cautions with which he has endeavored to restrain their growth, particularly abroad, confess a degree of alarm at the rapidity and breadth of their expanse. How long will it be before the bubble burst? How much substance will remain when it has? Some, assuredly, *will* remain. Great improvements have been made in France, and whatever they may cost they will stand; as, in America, the roads, the bridges, the habits of active locomotion, have survived the over-enterprise which called them into existence. Nor is the programme of Napoleon the Third yet ended. The war, he has said, is but an episode, which he is closing; and he designs to be at once the architect of material improvement in France and an example to more backward nations.

The auspices of the day are favorable; and we can see at least as far as a soothsayer. During the last few years, experience has shown that the tendency of good fortune lies with the Western Powers — with France and her ally, and against the policy of their antagonists. The smaller state which united with them has taken large profits on its share in the joint-stock adventure, and has still expanding prospects. Prussia, who has stood aloof, is of all states at the present moment apparently in the most critical condition. Austria, who was prospering while she seemed most united with the Western Powers, fell under a cloud when she removed from them, but again sees the sun of pros-

perity shining upon her Lombard railway enterprise as soon as she reënters the policy of the Western Europe. Even the Russians, whose semi-barbarous Imperialism has been a cordon to exclude them from the material progress of the Continent, hail the signs of peace as the commencement of a new era, in which the Russian nobles and middle class will be allowed to participate in the material prosperity of the rest of the world, unsacrificed to the military passion of their Czar. But the policy which is thus in the ascendant has at its head the parvenu Emperor who is so anxious to found a dynasty, and who has learned the art of uniting the advancement of France with the English alliance, — bringing to his side the power that could of all powers in the world be the most dangerous to his influence. So far the prognostics are good for the enterprise of founding a dynasty, although the dynasty is not yet founded.

POLAND.

To the Editor of The Times:

SIR, — Poland appears to be ever the subject of your involuntary homage and willing hostility. You are eloquent in her praise, and crown her with garlands, but only as a victim adorned for the sacrifice; and you pronounce her defunct, and bound over her grave with a suspicious alacrity. "If," you exclaim in your yesterday's article on the subject, "there were any reasonable probability of restoring this famous country to her ancient privileges and her ancient duties, who would not rejoice at such a conclusion?" Then, after sketching a powerful summary of the benefits which would, or might be, derived from the reconstitution of that famous Power, you proceed to censure the objects of the deputation which had an interview with Lord Palmerston on Saturday last, for the purpose of pressing upon his notice the claims of Poland to a just consideration in the present arrangements for peace in Europe, and you found your censure upon the allegation that her reconstruction is impossible, the great crime of her destruction having been consummated. The system of organized murder that has prevailed in Poland for upwards of a quarter of a century has, according to your version of what truth compels you to say, done its work; and Poland, if thereby "be meant a country inhabited by Poles, with the old feelings in their hearts and the old ideas in their heads, has ceased to be;" the present Poland is one "constituted by Russia for her own purposes." I will not stay to argue the morality of this reasoning, which would dissuade us from calling the murderer to account because his crime is consummated; for it seems, unhap-

pily, a mode of reasoning in fashion at present; even Christian philanthropists appear to find it consistent with their sentiments and principles to advocate peace at any price; and, however its existence may be accompanied with the violation of every dictate of justice and humanity, the *solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant* system has lost its horrors. But I dispute the correctness of your facts and conclusions, and appeal for their contradiction to what has notoriously occurred in the course of the war. If the Poles of the present day have lost all their old feelings and ideas—if the nobles of the old school inhabit Poland no more, and the generation of hardy countrymen who rallied round the defenders of Warsaw, and met and conquered the Russians in 1830 and 1831, have passed away, how comes it that all the Poles taken prisoners by the allied troops have eagerly prayed to be enrolled in their ranks or enabled in some shape to take part in the war against Russia? How comes it that overtures were made by Poles serving under the Russians in the Crimea to join the British army? How comes it that the formation of a Polish Legion, under the name of "Cossacks of the Sultan," has been so easily accomplished?—and that, too, although the name was so objectionable that many of the Poles declined to serve under it, or under any other name or standard than their own; and Count Zamoyski, in accepting the command, reluctantly did so, and upon the principle of getting, not what he wished, but only what he could, from the hesitating and mistaken policy of the allies. How comes it, if the old heart of Poland be so crushed out of her, as you would have us believe—how comes it that the Polish towns even now, according to your own account, "swarm with Russian soldiery and bristle with Russian cannon?" How comes it that during the whole of the war a large part of the very flower of the Russian army was obliged to be kept in the neighborhood of Warsaw? How comes it, finally, to use your own language as written a few months back, that "Siberia, instead of supplying hordes, is a drain upon Russia, and the Polish provinces must always lock up a great part of her army?" I must leave you, Sir, to reconcile the answers to these questions with your allegations as to the extinction of the national spirit in Poland, and as to its present population caring little and knowing nothing about the former position of their country; nor do my limits admit of any discussion of the question whether Austria, who has so often before expressed her deep shame at having had any share in the infamous partition of Poland and her willingness to disgorge her portion of the spoil, would or

not now be willing to do so. But I venture to declare my conviction that, had the allies openly and honestly pronounced the name of Poland, and unfurled her standard, they would have found no lack of devoted Polish hearts eager to forgive past neglect and rally round that banner, and they would have inflicted a more deadly and crushing blow upon the power of Russia than they have been enabled to do by all their costly sacrifices of life and money in the Crimea; that the mere slight attempt which has been lately made to infuse the Polish element into the struggle, and the prospect and dread of an approaching campaign on the Baltic and in Poland, have mainly led to Russia's anxiety for peace and her willingness to accept the terms proposed by the allies; and that little else than disappointment can result from a peace which terminates the late gigantic struggle by leaving Poland, Hungary, and Italy in their present position, and the continuance of large standing armies to keep them in bondage a State necessity.

EDMOND BEALES.

March 19.

A PLEA FOR M. KOSSUTH.

To the Editor of The Times:

SIR,—I have no right, and, in truth, but little hope, to expect that I may induce you to advocate the cause of Kossuth. Politically, I know you are adverse to him; morally, I am confident you are not. I now appeal to your candor, impartiality, and generosity. It is only this morning I hear that the illustrious exile is in straitened circumstances. Trusted by all the highest, bravest, most virtuous of his countrymen, appointed by them to the first station, and holding their wealth at his disposal, he lived among them, and departed from them, poor. The jewels of the Hungarian crown lay at his feet; he spurned them, as he spurned the usurper and perjurer who had worn them. Military treason necessitated his flight; the valor of Bem and Guyon was insufficient against the enemy. The representative of Mahomet saved the follower of Christ from the vengeance of the Apostolic; the Caliph cast his mantle over the wounded, and defied the uplifted sword. Kossuth at last took refuge in England. Here he was welcomed in every city by the magistrates and the people, and even by those of the nobility who were not Germanized by the Court. Among us there are some remaining whose affections are not torpedied nor chilled by contact with adversity. Let us see how many there are of them. I will not close my eyes until I make this appeal to you, declaring most solemnly that I have had no conversation or correspondence on the sub-

ject with the exile of Hungary; I have not asked, directly or indirectly, his permission to make the appeal, and I fear I may want his countenance; but what I am now doing I feel to be a duty. Let me hope, however, and trust, that the most eloquent of statesmen since Demosthenes will not refuse that public tribute which another of much celebrity accepted. Mr. Fox had squandered a large fortune in the most pernicious of vices—in gambling. Kossuth had no riches and no vices; he left a lucrative and honorable profession to rescue his outraged country. Mr. Fox committed an act of treason, or very similar, by sending an agent to the Empress Catherine, assuring her that she might safely take possession of Nootka Sound, against the just claims of England. The speeches of Mr. Fox never elevated the soul, never enlarged the intellect, never touched the heart. He upheld the cause of France against England throughout the war, even while her best citizens were bleeding on the scaffold. Kossuth upheld the cause of Hungary, not only throughout the war, but throughout years more disastrous. Only one orator and statesman ever acted with so much ability, consistency, and energy; he, too, was an exile. Demosthenes, a victim crowned with imperishable glory, walked calmly forth from the temple of Poseidon and shook hands with Death, sparing his enemy the guilt of his murder. May we Englishmen be exempted from a guilt almost as heinous!—the guilt of seeing die among us, without our sympathy and without our help, a man as virtuous, as ardent an orator, and as pure a patriot—the one Pan-Hellenic, the other Pan-European.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

P.S. I forgot to say that my subscription of £10 is ready.

ANSWER OF THE TIMES,

Of 24 March.

By this day week the greater part of mankind are fondly trusting to hear the proclamation of peace. They are under, perhaps, the superficial belief that all Europe will rejoice at the healing of a wound that once threatened to ulcerate and infect every member of the brotherhood of nations. Should any new obstacle start up, or should any cause be pressed as a reason against the immediate conclusion of peace, it will be at the cost of that cause. It will incur no little risk of being regarded as an obstruction and a nuisance,—like the old woman who is sure to be in the way when people are in a hurry, and who will persist in stopping to adjust her own affairs, be they ever so trifling. It is, then, no real kindness, but simply a

sort of officiousness, to urge on the Congress at Paris what are called the claims of Poland; and we are showing no want of historical interest in that people when we decline asking Lord Clarendon to attempt what Lord Castlereagh attempted in vain more than forty years ago. In our position we cannot afford to be wasting what influence we possess in devoting ourselves to some one of the hundred impossible crusades that have been preached in our time, or might be preached with as much reason as any other. Have not other races, and cities, and communities their wrongs? There are the wrongs of the Anglo-Saxons, who have by no means survived the Norman conquest, or become entirely mixed up with their proud conquerors. There are the previous wrongs of the British race, which is still cherishing an indignant nationality in Wales. There are the wrongs of Scotland and of Ireland, both of them very respectable and interesting nations, and by no means in so favorable a state for political agitation since their union with this very dull country. There are the wrongs of Abd-el-Kader and his gallant tribes, that we might take the opportunity of pressing upon the consideration of France; and even from the King of Sardinia we might ask the independence of the Genoese Republic. The correspondent who compels us to this reply himself adds Hungary and Italy to Poland, which is a very good beginning to start with when the series really is infinite. But why not go further back? There is the scattered house of Israel, which has preserved its nationality now for two thousand years. We might insist upon Turkey giving up Jerusalem to the Jews. But by the time we had got as far as that it is not certain that some other race would not put in its claim for the soil of Poland. Hungary, at least, would stand but a very poor chance in any reckoning that went back a thousand years. There have been rights recovered in England, and documents tendered in English law courts, and received as good evidence, that, if admitted on the Hungarian question, would have sent every blessed member of the race, with his hands tied behind his back, somewhere into Central Asia. Once begin, where are we to end? Is there no Statute of Limitations in national causes? If any race finds itself ill-used, and believes itself strong enough to vindicate its independence or its equality, that is its own affair. But this is not the supposition on which the British public is appealed to. It is called on to help those who cannot help themselves.

It is particularly hard on the British people to be constantly put under the imputation of being deaf to national appeals. There is hardly one of us here who does not repre-

sent in his own personal case some merged nationality or some persecuted cause. The blood of Briton, Gael, and Celt, — of Huguenot and of other outcast peoples, — flows in the veins of most English families. Even in the reign of William and Mary, De Foe wrote a poem to show that the existing "Briton" was a very mongrel personage, and six generations have since added to the medley. We are simply a crowd of people who find ourselves on these islands with no other rights or privileges but those we enjoy by the political constitution which binds our numerous races together. In the metropolis itself there are a hundred thousand Scotchmen of one religion, and twice that number of Irishmen of another, all content with such position as they can attain by individual exertion. The pope has more subjects in London than he has in his own city — generally mere hewers of wood and drawers of water to their more successful Protestant fellow-subjects. Our Universities are the resort of students from all parts of these isles, each of them renouncing his nationality, his province, and his country, and having no other privileges but those of our common rights. Take any chance company. This man bears the name of a distinguished Highland clan; that man is descended from Irish Kings; another bears a name and arms that testify his ancestors were once noble in France; another is from an old border family; the rest have lost sight of their origin, and are only members of the great struggling mass. Why are they to be summoned to arms, to be denied the opportunity of an honorable peace, to be taxed deeper and deeper, and to be involved in endless quarrels with powerful empires, merely to give one more chance — a very small one indeed — to people who are really quite as well off as we are ourselves, and whose only hardship is that they cannot do what we no longer wish to do for ourselves? We have long ago given up all nationalities, all provincial privileges; everything whatever that stands in the way of imperial government and a perfect fusion of races. For ourselves, we are satisfied that is the best course, though it has cost some sacrifices. Why, then, are we to be called on to do for others what we have long ago resolved not to do for ourselves? We cannot spare time and opportunity for the vain attempt to rectify history. That ground must be given up to the annalist, to the essayist, to the philosopher — in a word, to the man of the pen. It is lost to the man of action. He has his own work to do, which presses hard enough and leaves no room for antiquarian enterprises.

We instanced the lost sheep of the house of Israel as having somewhat parallel claims

to our assistance. There would be no insuperable difficulty in collecting every Jew in Europe, and placing him in Palestine, to live, as well as he could, on the glorious recollections of the past; but it would be almost impossible to collect the Poles, or ascertain Poland. We should first have to rescue every individual Pole and every half-Pole — for, like ourselves, they have undergone some intermixture — from the powerful gripe of Russian, Austrian, and Prussian empire. These are no inconsiderable powers for us to challenge at a time when France would certainly not be for us, and very likely against us, and when we have a war of most serious dimensions looming upon us in another part of the world. There is a homely proverb in the north about extracting a pound of butter from the mouth of a dog, and which warns us of the certain cost and small result that would attend the experiment. That we should get well bitten in the attempt to make Russia, Austria, and Prussia surrender to us some 20,000,000 of their subjects expressly for the formation of a State that should keep them in perpetual alarm is so certain that it will not be denied. That the object of our officious interference would almost disappear in the struggle is, perhaps, equally certain. But will anybody define the enterprise laid on our conscience? What are we to do?

We wish to know exactly the people we are to take up, the geographical district in which we are to locate them, and the Government under which they are to live. Then there comes the great question of means. We forbear to ask what part resuscitated Poland is to play in European politics. A versatile and ingenious race, with all the splendid qualities that stimulate ambition, and every weakness that can give scope for its exercise, would of course take the usual advantage of a border State, and play into the hands first of one neighbor then of another, as suited the purposes of national aggrandizement or of personal ambition. Poland would not be Poland if it did not resume this policy. But when we have seen any actual plan for the restoration of Poland it will be time to criticize in detail. The objection at present is, that nobody has the courage to propound such a plan, or to tell us what to do, except the preliminary step of war with Russia, Austria, and Prussia.

An equally chivalrous but more modest projector proposes a public subscription to soften and adorn M. Kossuth's exile. That, of course, is the affair of those who encouraged him in his unfortunate enterprise. For our part, we never gave any countenance to the man whom we simply regarded as the Daniel O'Connell of Hungary, — rather more of a gentleman in his language, but

even more unscrupulous in his actions. Nobody could desire to see a man of great genius, and the chosen representative of a noble race, living in that poverty which falls to the lot of mere vulgar adventurers. But it is not our affair. The British people have long ago agreed to act on totally different principles from those which M. Kossuth seduced the Hungarians to follow, to their cost. That gentleman may be a hero, and all but a martyr, in his way, and for a cause which we always thought hopeless and immoral; but private life in this country abounds in heroes and martyrs in, as we believe, much better causes. All around us men of considerable talents, and not without the stirrings of a generous ambition, are suffering obscurity and want, and are leaving that inheritance to their children, because they will not truckle to party, because they will not suppress their political or religious convictions, because they will not do homage to some petty tyrant or to some local oligarchy. When we call men Englishmen, that is the moral significance we attach to the word. Political writers have developed this stubborn quality of our nation, and popular poets have given it an imperishable grace. Even theologians have given it a formal character, under the name of passive obedience. To our English mind it deserves more sympathy than M. Kossuth's ambitious and chimerical enterprises. Why, then, is the British public to be called on to render a tribute to qualities and to a career which, in point of independence, are only those of ordinary Englishmen, and in other respects, on English grounds, are wholly indefensible?

From The Press, 22 March.

PALMERSTON AND POLAND.

THERE was a time when Lord Palmerston might have interfered with effect in favor of Poland, and when France strongly urged such interference. He missed the opportunity; as more lately he missed the golden opportunity of raising, by the direct offer of Austria, the territory of North Italy into an independent kingdom. Such opportunities never return. In the eloquent words of M. de Montalembert, Lord Palmerston has in his

foreign policy constantly sacrificed liberty that he might seem to favor revolution!

For the last twenty-five years our foreign policy has been eccentric, and, as regards definiteness of purpose, has been unprincipled. It has held out great encouragement to the "constitutionalists" on the Continent, it has even encouraged the hopes of the "nationalities," but it has shrunk, when they rose in insurrection, from championing their cause in arms. They have received from England expressions of sympathy and some secret countenance, but nothing more. Our Foreign Minister ought surely never to have encouraged the resistance of subjects to their Governments, in ever so slight a degree, without being prepared to openly support them.

But there is then a difficulty. Are we to survey unmoved the struggles of enthusiastic natures against the oppression and injustice of arbitrary Governments? Are we to show no preference for one form of government over another? Are we to think it a matter of no concern whether freedom or despotism prevails, when their forces are arrayed against each other?

These are puzzling questions, and the truth is, that no precise rule for the action of our Foreign office can be laid down. Its first duty is to be on friendly terms with the Governments of those countries with which it has relations. Political propagandism is no part of its mission; it cannot, without a gross violation of its proper duty, encourage a party of disturbance in any State with which it is in friendly communication. This would be to reverse the first function of diplomatic intercourse, and make it tend, not to the continuance, but to the rupture of amicable relations. There is some pretence for accusing our Foreign-office of double-dealing under Lord Palmerston's rule. We do not know how any Englishman can look without shame to the many times that the cry of "Poland," and "Italy," and "Hungary," has been raised, and has received his encouragement. His kindness has been cruel. He has nourished expectations which have been quenched in blood, and has led dupes on the Continent to believe that he was a revolutionist, when he was but a charlatan.

NEWSPAPERS. — In a paper on "News," read by C. Kemplay, Esq., before the Leeds Philosophical Society, on Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1855, it was stated that the oldest regular newspaper published in England was established by Nathaniel Butter in 1662; the oldest in France, by

Theophrastus Renaudot, in the time of Louis XIII., called the *Gazette de France*, in 1632. The *Englische Mercurie*, now in MS. in the British Museum, Mr. Kemplay stated to be now clearly established as a forgery. — *Notes and Queries*.